The Mapleton Item.

VOL. 1. MAPLETON DEPOT, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1890. NO. 42.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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—PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,—

☞Office on Main Street, near Juniata House.

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I WILL fill orders for Anthracite Coal, delivered off the car, until a change of price at the mines, at the following prices:

Nut,	(Net Tons)	$4.40
Stove,	" "	$4.40
No. 4,	" "	$4.65

Leave your orders at the office.

Main Street——Near Depot.

M. L. REX.

New Stage Route

——BETWEEN——

Mapleton & Cassville.

Tri-weekly—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Leave Cassville, on each of the above named days, at 7.30 o'clock, a. m., arriving at Mapleton at 11 o'clock, a. m. Returning, leave Mapleton at any time to suit convenience of passengers. Fare, 50 cents. Merchandise carried at reasonable rates. W. A. HIGHT.

Cassville, Pa., July 3, 1889.-tf.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ITEM.

YOU'LL BE BOUND TO FIND IT.

When everything is going wrong,
And nothing goes to suit you,
When men, instead of shaking hands,
Seem more inclined to boot you;
Don't be discouraged nor cast down,
Don't swear, nor cry Confound it!
Brace up, and let your spirits climb!
You're bound to find, in course of time,
Some way to get around it.

And when the mother of your wife,
According to the fashion,
Insists on living at your house,
Don't fly up in a passion,
But when your temper starts to rise,
Just push it down and ground it.
Her very presence you may hate.
Cheer up! And you'll find, soon or late,
Some way to get around it.

If with a maiden your in love,
And round her waist are trying
To get your arm, while she resists
With effort most undying,
Don't get excited, fume or prance,
Nor beat your breast and pound it.
Upon her waist just keep your eye,
And you'll discover, if you try,
Some way to get around it!

—*Lawrence American.*

THE TWO VISITS.

BY VIRGINIA.

A few days before Thanksgiving Mr. Oliver decides to pay a visit to his only sister, some two hundred miles away. Coming home from his place of business a half hour before train time, he eats his dinner, kisses his wife and children, picks up his valise, in which Mrs. O. has placed fresh linen, brushes, etc., and goes to the station. Just as the train rolls in and waiting until the last car is opposite him he vaults lightly up the steps and in three minutes is seated and scanning the columns of the late paper. His visit over, he returns home as unconcernedly as he left, having sent his wife a postal card saying when he should come. He sends a boy up with his valise and his wife dutifully unpacks it.

But now Mrs. Oliver is to pay a visit to her mother, less than fifty miles away. Her black silk dress must he done over, and her cloth dress is too shabby to travel in, so it must be turned and trimmed with braid. A new bonnet and gloves are bought, and then baby must have a new cloak and a cap, for of course baby must go. So for two weeks before the time for the appointed visit, this little woman works with the energy, if not the strength, of a Hercules.

The whole house must be left in perfect order. The housekeeper is hunted up and directions given concerning the marketing. The children are admonished to be good and careful. The dressmaker's summons break in on her, until she is fatigued in both mind and body. The day before she is to start she arranges Mr. O,'s shirts, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, and hose in the bureau so that he can find them easily, he, in common with the rest of the superior sex, being unable to find such things unless plainly in sight, and if not seen at once, declaring that they are most certainly not there.

Of course there must be washing and ironing done the day before, and these things can not be put in the trunk until morning, consequently when Mr. O., with his overcoat on and hat in hand, inquires if "there is anything he can do, "that he must be down street at a certain hour, but he will come to the depot to see her off,"—the fact is he has not had his morning segar,—she heroically declares she can do all there is to be done herself and off he goes. Baby is washed and dressed and goes to sleep, for which she is thankful. Now she flys here and there, and at last everything is in the trunk and she vainly strives to close the lid. "Is there anything so provoking as a trunk," she thinks, crowding the things down and trying to shut it, but the latch will not catch. She takes out a few things, as she will have a bundle with her, and, at last, after pulling and straining until in danger of bursting a blood vessel, she triumphs and the key turns in the lock.

At this moment comes the cry, "the hack is here." With cheeks flushed and hands shaking, she puts on her collar and her wraps, then ties up her bundle. As she jerks the string nervously, one end bursts open, out rolls a silver mug, baby's bib, a hair brush, a paper of pins, and some ginger-snaps. Hastily pushing them back, she fastened that end with a couple of pins.

Finally she says she is ready, but has to go back for a veil for baby, and just as she gets to the door, remembers that her purse is lying on the mantel. At last she comes down the steps, holding baby, buttoning her gloves, and holding up her dress. Almost tearfully she asks the driver if she shall miss the train, to which he crustily says, "he don't know," and in an agony of suspense she reaches the station.

Depositing baby and bundle on the seat she hurries to the ticket-window, gets her ticket, and asks in a tremulous voice, "How long until the train goes east?"

"Twenty-five minutes, marm," is the reply.

With a sigh of relief she sinks down on the seat and tries to regain her usual quiet.

Presently there is a roar and a rush and the train steams in. Just then Mr. Oliver appears to see her off. She feels like scolding, but visions of train wreckers, telescoping cars, and plunging down steep embankments restrain her, and she hands him baby to carry into the car, while she struggles up the steps with her bundle, tramping her dress and bumping an old gentleman alternately.

At length, weary and breathless, she is seated safely and the train moves off, her husband's last words, "don't forget you change cars at T——," ringing in her ears.

As the train speeds along, her eye is caught by the loveliness spread out before her. The clouds sail by, white, then deepening into blue, then whirling up in masses of gold. Here are great, shadowy, gray rocks and shady dells through which the sunshine scarcely creeps. There a knoll, covered with white daisies, fringes the track with its sunlit smile. The silken tassels of the crisp green corn rustle in the soft breeze and memories sweet and tender spring up.

"Bskothck" calls the conductor, and, with a nervous start, she wonders how soon she must gather up her belongings and plod onward. She is just feeling a little rested when the unwelcome call comes, and, with a sigh and muck inward trepidation, she prepares to change cars. The train is waiting and as she is about to attempt climbing the steps an official commands her to "go to the last car." So on she goes and is once more quietly seated. By this time her head is aching terribly, and as she holds baby with one hand and her aching head with the other, she wonders whether the pleasure of visiting makes up for the hard work, worry, and care. But these dismal thoughts are checked by the reaching of her destination. Kind friends await her and soon she is once more in the old home where so many happy days were spent. The next few days are spent in visiting all the old haunts, the orchard, dark and cool, the little brook, the lilac bush, and the stone wall she used to climb to reach the glowing, juicy peaches, the odor of the piles of hay and the sweet cloverheads are borne to her, though many a harvest-moon has faded since then and though the years have brought added cares, does she regret them? Let me read the closing of a long letter to her husband:

"I know you will be glad to have me home, as I shall be glad to get there. I'm thankful so many love me and that I have so many to love. For God is good, my heart is light, and I'd not change places with a queen.

Grady's Last Christmas.

There are so many little incidents of his life among us which are made up of pleasure and pain at this hour. Well do I remember how he spent his last year's holiday season, and the little story he told me of it as I sat in his office one morning after New Year's. He had visited his mother in Athens, Christmas week, and he said:

"I dont think I ever felt happier than when I reached the little home of my boyhood. I got there at night. She had saved supper for me, and she had remembered all the things I liked. She toasted me some cheese over the fire. Why, I hadn't tasted anything like it since I put on my round jackets. And then she had some home-made candy she knew I used to love and, bless her heart, I just felt 16 again as we sat and talked, and she told me how she prayed for me and thought of me always, and what a brightness I had been to her life, and how she heard me coming home in every boy that whistled along the street. When I went to bed, she came and tucked the covers all around me in the dear old way that none but a mother's hands know, and I felt so happy and so peaceful, and so full of tender love and tender memories, that I cried happy, grateful tears until I went to sleep."

When he finished, his eyes were full of tears, and so were mine. He brushed his hand across his brow swiftly and said, laughingly, "Why, what are you crying about? What do you know about this sort of feeling?"—*Altoona Constitution.*

Hon. R. Milton Speer.

Hon. R. Milton Speer died Friday afternoon, January 17, 1890, in New York city, whither he had been taken for medical treatment but a few days before. For the following particulars and sketch of his life we are indebted to the Huntingdon correspondent of the *Altoona Tribune:* Mr. Speer died in New York city, calmly and peacefully, surrounded by his three sons, who have been his constant attendants. Until he had sought relief at the hands of three of New York's eminent practitioners, little or nothing was known of the true character of Mr. Speer's affliction. It has been fully established now that his demise was due entirely to the effects of lead poisoning, brought about by his habit of drinking water that flowed through lead pipes. For nearly two years Mr. Speer had complained of nausea and severe pains in the region of the stomach. In addition to these ill feelings, he experienced frequent fainting spells, and, in numerous instances during his period of prostrated illness, his large court business had to be continued in consequence. Mr. Speer's increasing ailments finally prevented him doing any office work, and he was forced to take his bed.

As has already been stated in the *Tribune*, on Monday of last week, while seated at the dinner table with his family, he suddenly became unconscious, his arms dropped to his side, and, for a few minutes, he was unable to move them. From that time, his affliction grew more serious, and, as he sustained finally a slight stroke of paralysis, it was thought advisable to have him removed to New York for treatment. Three eminent physicians of that city made a careful examination of his case, and they united in saying that Mr. Speer's affliction was the result of lead poisoning, which had permeated his whole system. The peculiar paralysis of the hands, they say, was directly attributable to this cause. There is a tank upon the upper floor of Mr. Speer's residence, intended to hold rain water, which is conveyed to the bath-room through leaden pipes, and then put through a filtering process. As this water is from a slate roof, and being filtered, Mr. Speer regarded it as wholesome, and he used it freely for drinking purposes. Standing in the lead pipes, however, made it poisonous, and the physicians say this was the direct cause of Mr. Speer's ailment.

Mr. Speer was born at Cassville, this county, September 8, 1838, and was consequently in his 62d year. He was educated at the Cassville seminary, afterward teaching in the same institution of learning for several terms. In 1857, he entered the law office of Wilson & Petrikin in this place as a student, and, two years later, he was admitted to the Huntingdon bar. He at once entered upon a successful legal career. Having a decided taste for politics, being an uncompromising democrat, he was elected in January, 1863, assistant clerk of the house of representatives at Harrisburg. After filling other minor offices he was elected to congress over Daniel J. Morrell in 1870, and in 1872, he was re-elected, defeating A. A Barker, this district beihg composed of the counties of Huntingdon, Blair, Cambria, and Mifflin. His career in congress was most honorable to himself and satisfactory to his constituents. He was largely instumental in framing many of the important pension bills, and he was recognized among the foremost democratic leaders in the house of representatives.

Mr. Speer served as a delegate to the national democratic conventions which nominated respectively Horace Greeley, General Hancock and Grover Cleveland for president.

For twenty years Mr. Speer was the recognized leader of the democratic party in this county, and the foremost member of the Huntingdon bar. As an eloquent oratorhehas few equals, and as a jury lawyer he was unsurpassed. In his home life he was kindly, affectionate and extremely considerate, showing a patient indulgence that few can imitate. Personally he was polished in manners, dignified and extremely sensitive to the feelings of his fellows. He was an honorable opponent, ever ready to acknowledge an error, and the first to seek forgiveness. He was a member of the First Presbyterian church in this place, and strictly observed the divine injunction of duty to God and man. His death has cast a veil of gloom over this entire community, and the sympathy of everyone is extended to his bereaved family.

His surviving family consists of three sons and two daughters, William, Robert, Victor, Mary and Maggie.

The remains were brought to Huntingdon where [illegible]rred Monday afternoo

WRECKED AND BURNED.

A Frightful Railroad Accident Near Cincinnati.

A Vestibule Express Plunges Into Another Train.

Glendale, a suburb fifteen miles from Cincinnati, Ohio, is largely inhabited by leading business men and prominent citizens. A special accommodation train is run for the town by the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road, stopping only at Winton Place. It was at this point that a shocking collision has occurred. The accommodation had just begun to move away from the station when the Chicago vestibule train, drawn by one of the new strong engines and running from fifty to sixty miles an hour, plunged into its rear. In making up the accommodation the baggage car had been put on the rear end. To this is due the comparatively small loss of life.

The big engine plowed half way through the baggage car, pushing it and the two coaches in front off the track into a ditch. The stove in the baggage car set fire to it and the three cars were soon in a blaze, while a number of helpless people, pinned in the debris, were screaming for relief, or in their madness cursing their fate. The baggage-master, Bob Stevenson, and his assistant, as well as both the fireman and engineer of the vestibule train, were gotten out by hard work. All were terribly injured. Stevenson has died while the others are fatally hurt. The scene about the burning cars were indescribable. The hundreds on the trains who had escaped uninjured, reinforced by hundreds from the adjoining suburbs, stood almost crazed with grief at their helplessness. A score of wounded persons were gotten out by heroic effort and laid in ghastly rows on the station floor.

Inside the blazing cars could be seen here and there forms caught by splintered timbers. They writhed and twisted in their awful agony, biting their flesh and tearing their hair. The number at the time this report was written had not been definitely told because of the number missing and because of the possibility that all the bodies were not found.

Two fire companies from Cincinnati were soon on the scene, and, with a relay of police, began searching the ruins. The body of John H. Wilson, Superintendent of the New York Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, was the first one found and identified.

Two of those injured in the wreck were taken to the hospital at Cincinnati. Their names are James Staley, of Carthage, Ohio, terribly burned about the face and arms; William Klamitz, also of Carthage, a plumber, aged nineteen, scalp wound and burned hands and arms. Both have since died.

No. 77 was an acommodation train of five cars. No. 31 was the Chicago vestibule train of a baggage and three coaches, all the cars extremely long.

No. 77, the accommodation, had stopped at Winton Place, and had just pulled out and rounded a curve, when No. 31 came thundering past. Side tracks at that place obscured the engineer's view till he got within 200 yards or less of the train in front. He reversed the engine, turned on the air brakes and jumped. His was the Strong engine No. 1. Mr. Strong, the manufacturer, keeps an engineer with that engine all the time, but he never turns a throttle. Picked engineers in the employ of the road do that. This extra engineer did not jump. He sat like a statue on his seat and was not hurt, not even scratched. Not a passenger and not a car on No. 31 was hurt.

In Train No. 77 were thirty passengers, nearly all in the front car. All who were killed or injured were in the rear car, which was a combination baggage and smoker. The blow of Train No. 31 smashed this car and piled up the next two in front of it in a common wreck, and the two rear cars burned up. The Cincinnati police and the Fire Department from near stations rushed to the scene and citizens poured in from the populous suburbs so that no one suffered or perished from delay in rescuing.

THE LABOR WORLD.

A COMPANY of manufacturers, having a capital of $15,000,000, will establish a town to be called "Leatherton," fifteen miles north of Philadelphia, for the manufacture of all kinds of leather.

HERR KRUPP, the maker of big guns, has founded a fund of $125,000 for the benefit of those of his workmen who wish to borrow money at low rates for the purpose of building homes for themselves.

AN English syndicate has purchased the axle works at Wilkesbarre, Penn., employing 1000 hands. Another foreign syndicate is now negotiating for the purchase of all the flouring mills in St. Louis.

ORGANIZED wage-workers who now work ten hours a day are preparing to renew their demand for shorter hours of labor. This demand will be made May 1. They may endeavor to force their demand by striking.

THE rubber works, of Franklin, Mass., shut down, ostensibly for a few days to make necessary repairs, but it is generally believed that they will be closed until business revives. There is a large stock of goods on hand.

WORK at the Henry Clay shaft, the largest mine of the Reading Coal and Iron Company, Penn., employing 1800 men, has been suspended indefinitely. No reason is assigned for the stoppage other than the absolute stagnation of the coal trade.

THE painters employed by the New York Department of Public Works receive $3.50 a day, the pavers $4, the blacksmiths $3.50, the bricklayers $4, the drivers $3.50, the stonecutters $4.50, the watchmen $3, the carpenters $4, and the day laborers $2.

THERE are in France 877 associations of employers, 891 of workingmen and 597 of farmers. The workingmen's associations, which were formerly political organizations, have become for the most part purely mutual benefit societies of late years.

THE co-operative bakeries created by the Belgian Labor party are evidences of the power of organization. At Ghent the workmen have built, at a cost of $40,000, the most perfect bakery of Belgium, where 43,000 two pound loaves are turned out every week.

THERE is a considerable amount of suppressed agitation among the trade guilds in Moscow and other Russian industrial centres; but the arbitrary powers exercised by the police, and the means possessed by large employers of labor are likely to prevent open strikes.

A PENNSYLVANIA railroad man says young men are selected as engineers of the locomotives on fast trains because old men do not have the nerve to stand the strain of the terrible speed of these trains, and even the nerviest young man gets afraid of them after a while. Then they get to letting up a little in speed, the trains run behind time, the engineers are given other runs and new men are put on in their places.

A BILL has been passed in the Mississippi Senate which provides for the formation of a new county called Jeff Davis County.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.

THE funeral of William D. Kelley, the "Father of the House," took place at Philadelphia. There was little show or display, privacy being insisted upon by the members of the dead man's family.

A FREIGHT train ran into another freight train at Snydertown, Penn. Conductor John Deifenderfer was killed, several of the crew injured and the locomotive and ten cars were wrecked.

SEVERAL tons of metal fell at the Bethlehem iron works at Easton, Penn., killing Engineer Stollmaker and fatally injuring Morris Riegel.

THE boiler of a steam shovel used by the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railway Company in excavating at Fallston, Penn., gave way and one man was killed, and about fifteen injured.

HENRY HOWARD, of Worcester, Mass., lost much sleep in nursing an invalid mother, became insane and cut his throat with a razor.

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT was installed pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

A RECEPTION to Archbishop Corrigan to wish him godspeed on his visit to Rome was held in New York city.

LELA DE GAN, two years old, of Syracuse, N. Y., while playing about the house fell backward into a pail of boiling water and died.

South and West.

BELL BOY, the phenomenal three-year-old trotter, and forty-two other horses, many of them valuable trotters, were burned to death in their stable at Versailles, Ky. Last July Bell Boy brought $51,000, up to that time the highest price ever paid for a horse in America. The other burned trotters were valued at $93,000.

JOHN KERNS was fatally hurt and three other men were seriously hurt by the explosion of a dynamite blast at Quio, Ill.

ELEVATOR No. 3, on the north side of the Patapsco River at Baltimore, used by the Northern Central Railroad Company, was burned with all its contents. An engineer, fireman and seaman perished in the flames. The pecuniary loss is between $500,000 and $700,000.

HENRY AND MARTIN REIMERS were run down and killed by a locomotive near Wheeler Station, Ind.

MISS LUCY RAY, a young lady who lives in the outskirts of Dawson, Ga., shot and instantly killed H. A. Suggs. She says that Suggs came to her door about eleven o'clock in a state of intoxication, demanded admittance, and upon being refused cursed her and tried to burst the door in.

AT the opening of the Iowa Legislature a deadlock occurred over the election of officers in the House by reason of the five Independents voting with the Democrats and creating a tie.

E. K. WILSON has been re-elected to the United States Senate by the Maryland Legislature.

A PACKAGE containing $11,000 was stolen from the Wells Fargo express offices at Dallas, Texas. Just how the money disappeared is a mystery.

THE largest saloon in Dubuque, Iowa, was closed, as was also the principal brewery. This was the first attempt to enforce the prohibitory law in that place. Great excitement prevailed.

MISS LOU ASHBURY, Dan Ashbury, Lizzie Bowler and Will Rose were drowned while rowing on a Carmi (Ill.) lake.

PROFESSOR CHARLES A. CLARK, Principal of Albion (Wis.) Academy, is dead of hydrophobia, believed to be the result of the bite of a cat, received last March.

JUDGE MCCONNELL, at Chicago, granted a new trial to Kunze, the Cronin convict, but denied the applications of Burke, Coughlin and O'Sullivan; the last three were taken to the penitentiary.

THE National Colored Convention met in the Madison Street Theatre, Chicago. More than one hundred delegates were present.

IN a street fight in Macon, Mo., between Morris Norris and Dr. W. G. Larrabee, the Doctor, Deputy Sheriff Pearson and S. W. Wiggins were fatally wounded.

CARNIVAL week opened in Augusta, Ga., with the turning over of the keys of the city by the Mayor to King Cotton. In the night there was a trades' procession with 200 floats.

A SLIGHT shock of earthquake was felt at Columbia, S. C. It was strong enough to make lamps vibrate.

THE black measles are raging at Fordsville, Ky., in epidemic form. Mrs. Mitchell and two children have died, and Mr. Mitchell was in a critical condition. Over one hundred cases were reported in the neighborhood.

THE Afro-American leagues in convention at Chicago elected W. A. Pledger President.

THREE HUNDRED people at Carmi, Ill., have been compelled to leave their homes by a sudden rise in the Little Wabash River.

BY the swelling of dry timbers an 80,000-gallon tank collapsed at Jeffersonvile, Ind., fatally injuring Joe Gable, Lowell McCloud and William Hahn, workmen.

FOUR men were killed and several others badly wounded by the premature explosion of a blast at a camp near Johnson City, Tenn.

THREE cars were hurled down an embankment at Hampton, Utah, and eleven persons more or less seriously injured.

Washington.

THE World's Fair delegation, which went from New York to Washington to present the claims of the metropolis to the Senatorial Committee, proceeded in a body to the White House, and the members were introduced to the President. The delegation, which numbered about eighty, was headed by Chauncey M. Depew, who made the principal address for New York before the Senate Committee, and Mayor Grant.

A BRILLIANT reception was tendered to the New York members of the World's Fair Committee by Representatives Flower and Belden, at the Arlington Hotel, Washington. The delegations from Chicago and St. Louis attended, and speeches were made by Chauncey M. Depew and others.

THE National Executive Committee appointed at the St. Louis Silver Convention last fall met in Washington.

HUGH A. GOLDSBOROUGH, Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, Navy Department, Washington, has died from pneumonia. Mr. Goldsborough had been employed in the Navy Department for more than fifty years.

THE President has appointed Major J. B. Harlow to be Postmaster of St. Louis. Major Harlow is Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service.

Foreign.

THE Portuguese Cabinet resigned, and the republican press tried to incite the people against the monarchy.

THE body of a women was found at Gruenne, in Hungary, with the throat cut and otherwise mutilated. The crime resembles those committed in the Whitechapel district of London.

DURING the absence of her husband, Mrs. Alexander Austin, of Carleton, New Brunswick, a paralytic, was burned to death in her home.

A WOMAN and three children were suffocated by escaping gas at Bew, Hungary. Their dead bodies were found lying together.

COLONEL VOIEIKOFF, an officer of the Czar of Russia's body guard, and some other officers of the same corps committed suicide. It is supposed that they were implicated in a recently discovered plot against the life of the Czar.

THE steamship Herschel, which arrived in New York from Brazil, brought news from Rio Janeiro that in a military revolt in that city more than 100 of the mutineers were killed or wounded, and twenty-one of the ringleaders were executed next day.

THE police arrested seventy persons who were parading the streets of Lisbon, Portugal, shouting "Down with England."

MESSRS. ARTOLA & HERMANOS, bankers, who have offices in London, Paris and Madrid, have been adjudged bankrupts in London, with liabilities amounting to $2,000,000.

THE Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has canceled his London and provincial engagements on account of the prevalence of influenza.

IT is reported that Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender, who is now at Gratz, Austria, is plotting a rising in Spain.

AT Chiliwhack, in Vancouver, Canada, George Rutherford shot and killed Edward Hall and John Segars and then killed himself. He accused Hall and Segars of attempting to put poison in his food.

IN accordance with a request from Mayor Grant, of New York city, the Mexican Minister in Paris has applied to his Government for authority to have transported to New York the Aztec palace, which was one of the most interesting exhibits at the Exposition.

MR. PARKE, a London editor, has been found guilty of libeling the Earl of Euston, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

EX-EMPEROR DOM PEDRO arrived at Cannes, France, looking terribly aged and enfeebled both in body and mind. He will spend the whole winter there.

THE Canadian Parliament was opened by Lord Stanley, the Governor-General. Lady Stanley was too ill to be present. The Governor-General made no allusions in his speech to the fishery dispute or extradition treaty.

WOMEN WITH AXES.

Eight of Them Chop and Smash at a Saloon.

At Hatton, a small town north of Mayville, South Dakota, the saloons have had it all their own way for some time, and openly defied the law. The other night eight women from the country whose husbands have been spending nearly all their time in these places prepared themselves with axes and other weapons, marched in a body to the saloons and began chopping and smashing. The leader was a quiet and unassuming woman, but when she learned that she had signed a mortgage on the farm in order that a saloon bill could be paid she could stand it no longer, and got together seven other women and made the raid.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

SPEAKER REED, of the House of Representative, is a great reader of novels.

P. T. BARNUM, the showman, has refused an offer of $20,000 for a book on Europe.

BOSTON CORBETT, the slayer of John Wilkes Booth, is in a Western insane asylum.

THE Khedive of Egypt conferred upon Stanley the Medjidieh decoration at Cairo.

GENERAL BINGHAM, of Philadelphia, is said to be the best-dressed man in Congress.

HENRY WATTERSON'S father, at the age of eighty-three, continues to write newspaper letters.

GENERAL SHERMAN had the "Tyler grip," half a century ago or so, but he hasn't sampled this one.

HISTORIAN BANCROFT is remarkably well this winter. He ascribes his good health to the warm weather.

MARSHAL FONSECA, Chief of the Provisional Government of Brazil, speaks and writes five languages.

THE Czar of Russia is said to be suffering from recurrent epilepsy, brought on by the Bouki railway accident.

THE late Congressman Kelley acquired his strong voice while acting as copy reader in a Philadelphia printing office.

THREE members of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, offered to erect an addition to it as a memorial to Henry Ward Beecher.

PORTUGAL'S new King, Carlos, is a devoted sportsman, an accomplished musician, speaks seven languages, and paints in water colors.

THE Prince of Wales was recently fined a dollar and a quarter in a London police court, for letting his dog go abroad without a muzzle.

JOHN I. BLAIR, the millionaire of Hackettstown, N. J., presented his Private Secretary with a check for $20,000 on the occasion of his recent marriage.

A CLOSE personal friend of John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, estimates his wealth at $120,000,000, and predicts that in ten years he will be the richest man on earth.

SENATOR WALCOTT, who is the youngest man in the higher branch of Congress, is described as a man of imposing physique, with broad shoulders, a deep chest and polished manners.

CONGRESSMAN JOE WHEELER is said to send out more public documents than any other three men in Congress. He employs four clerks especially to put up and address such matter.

MAX O'RELL, the well-known writer, says: "The thing that most strikes a European in this country is the entire absence of stupid looking faces. Everybody here works and is proud of it.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, of Vermont, has served longer in the United States Senate than any of his colleagues. On April 5, 1889, he will have been in the Senate without a single break twenty-four years.

CONGRESSMAN W. C. BRECKENRIDGE, of Kentucky, has accepted the invitation of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society to deliver an address at its first annual banquet, to be given in Philadelphia on February 13.

CYRUS W. FIELD is now three score and ten years old, but still in active business life His first employment was an errand boy for A. T. Stewart at $2 a week. His duties required him to open and sweep out the store.

THOMAS B. ALLEN, of Flemington, W. Va., claims that he was the oldest soldier that served in the late war. He was over seventy years of age when he enlisted. He is now ninety-eight years old, and served under Wellington at Waterloo.

SENATOR TURPIE, of Indiana, is said to be a perfect master of no less than seven languages besides the English. He reads Latin, Greek and Hebrew almost as fluently as he does English, and can speak French, Spanish, German and Italian. He has also pursued studies in Indian, Celtic and other tongues.

WALKER BLAINE DEAD.

The Secretary of State's Eldest Son Suddenly Expires.

Acute Pneumonia Developed From La Grippe the Cause.

WALKER BLAINE.

Walker Blaine, son of Secretary James G. Blaine and Solicitor of the State Department, has died from pneumonia, following an attack of la grippe.

He had been ill only five days, and although it was apparent that he was in a very critical condition, death finally came to him almost without a moment's warning. President Harrison had called at the house at 7:30 o'clock, and had been told that Mr. Blaine was then in a profuse perspiration, which was regarded as a very favorable symptom, and had gone away assured that the patient was not in immediate danger. Three-quarters of an hour later the President was notified by telephone that Walker Blaine was dead, and within ten minutes he had returned to the house to render any service he could to the suddenly-afflicted household.

The news of the death spread through the city like wildfire, and very soon callers began to reach the house to offer condolences. Nearly every member of the Cabinet, all of the Senators and Representatives from Maine, and scores of other persons reached there before 11 o'clock. Many of them were in full evening dress, having hastened there from receptions and dinner parties.

Young Mr. Blaine first felt the symptoms of la grippe four days previous when he was attacked with chills, followed by a high fever. During the night both lungs gave evidence of catarrhal trouble, and the family physician, Dr. G. Lloyd Magruder, was summoned. He was able to give his patient some relief, but the catarrhal affection continued. Two days before his death there was some improvement in the condition of the left lung, but the doctor detected the presence of pneumonia congestion in the right lung.

No remedies seemed to help the case, and all the bad symptoms became greatly aggravated. Dr. Joseph Tabor Johnson was called in to act with Dr. Magruder, but they were powerless to overcome the disease, and pneumonia became well developed. Mr. Blaine became delirious early in the day, and he remained in that condition until he died, at 8:20 o'clock. A few moments before his death he was thought to have shown some slight improvement, and when the end came it was almost as sudden as if it had been caused by heart disease.

All of Mr. Blaine's immediate relatives were present except one sister and one brother. Mrs. Coppinger, his sister, was in New York with la grippe, and James G. Blaine, Jr., his brother, had left for Maine, not supposing the patient's condition was dangerous. Telegrams were sent to him and to Colonel Coppinger at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, telling them of Walker's critical condition.

Mr. Blaine was not in good physical condition to withstand a severe sickness. He had never entirely recovered from the fall by which his leg was broken last spring, nor had he fully overcome the effects of a malarial fever from which he suffered last autumn.

Walker Blaine was born in Angusta, May 8, 1855. He finished his collegiate studies at Yale College in 1876, and then pursued his legal studies at the Columbia Law School in New York. After being graduated there Mr. Blaine entered the law office of Senator Davis at St Paul, Minn., where he remained until President Garfield made him Third Assistant Secretary of State, his father being the Secretary. A few weeks later he and William Henry Trescott were sent, by Secretary Blaine, on a special mission to South America.

After the death of General Garfield and the retirement of James G. Blaine from the Cabinet, President Arthur appointed Walker Blaine Assistant Counsel for the United States before the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims. He retained that office until the court ceased to exist, January 1, 1886, when he went to Chicago to practice law. A few days after his father entered President Harrison's Cabinet Mr. Blaine was nominated to be Solicitor of the State Department, and the nomination was confirmed.

EATEN BY A WILD BOAR.

A Sickening Occurrence in the Chickasaw Nation.

A family named McMullen, halfbreed Osage Indians, residing on Wild Horse Creek, Chickasaw Nation, Texas, had a little girl named Clara, six years of age, who was left alone at home while the mother went to the creek, some quarter of a mile distant, to do the family washing. While she was absent a wild boar entered the cabin and attacked the child. When the mother returned the ferocious animal was just eating the last vestige of the little girl. The horrible scene caused the mother to faint, and she remained in an unconscious state an hour or more till discovered by a neighbor, who happened to come along. The wild hog escaped into the swamps when the woman appeared.

SIX INDIANS HANGED.

Wholesale Execution at Fort Smith, Ark.

Six Indians have been executed at Fort Smith, Ark. Sam Goings and James Burris for the murder of Houston Joyce, a young white man, in November, 1888, in the Choctaw Nation.

John Belly and Thomas Willis were convicted of the murder of W. B. Williams, a whisky peddler, in February, 1889.

Jefferson Jones, a Choctaw Indian, was convicted of the murder of George W. Wilson, an old white man, in Creek Nation in March, 1889.

Austin James, a Chickasaw Indian, was hanged for the murder of Thomas Elliott, a young man from Alabama.

LATER NEWS.

AFTER nearly three years of litigation in New York the Stewart estate, valued at $12,000,000, has been finally settled by the signing of an agreement between the heirs and the executors.

PETER HENDERSON, the well-known New York seedsman, died at his home in Jersey City, N. J.

EDWARD GALLAGHER, aged seventeen; Michael Gallagher, his brother, aged fifteen, and Mrs. Kate Stockhouse, a married sister, aged twenty-five, were struck by an express train at Morrellville, Penn., and killed.

JOHN MOORE, of Washington, Penn., was killed by an oil well plug which was blown out by gas.

JACOB ETTINGER, a railroad conductor, was run over at Union Station, Baltimore. Both legs were cut off, and he died on the way to the hospital.

THE Afro-American Convention, in session at Chicago, decided to indorse no political party.

WILLIAM BRANNON, a violent patient in the insane asylum at Chattahooche, Fla., broke the doors of two rooms adjoining his own and murdered three other patients.

THE Senate Committee on Territories authorized a favorable report on the bill for the admission of the State of Wyoming.

THE editor of *El Progresso*, a newspaper published in the City of Mexico, has been sent to jail for defaming the character of Adelina Patti.

SIXTY THOUSAND people attended the funeral of the Socialist editor Wedde at Hamburg, Germany.

A POSTAL CLERK named J. B. Devine was arrested in Chicago, charged with 600 thefts.

FOUR lives were lost by the sinking of the steamer Katie Robbins in the Mississippi River.

A TRAIN wreck has occurred near Birmingham, Ala. The engineer, William Derry, was killed, and several others were seriously, perhaps fatally, injured.

THE New York City Postoffice made a profit last year of $3,512,989.48. The total receipts were $5,673,250.42. The daily mail contained 2,702,396 pieces, and it weighed 368 tons. The money order department did a total business of $91,004,253.55, an increase of $3,705,094.60 over the year before.

THE funeral of Walker Blaine took place in Washington. President and Mrs. Harrison and all the members of the Cabinet were present.

ORLOW W. CHAPMAN, Solicitor-General of the Department of Justice, is dead at the age of fifty-nine years.

THE Duke of Aosta, formerly King of Spain, died at Turin, aged forty-five.

A GALE prevailed in the English Channel which wrecked a number of vessels.

A PUBLIC meeting called in Lisbon to protest against the action of the British Government in the dispute with Portugal was held.

A TERRIFIC gale, accompanied by lightning, prevailed in the Irish Sea. Much damage was done to property along the coast. Several persons were killed by lightning and a number were drowned.

OVER 170,000 people attended the funeral of Henry Searle, the oarsman, at Sidney, Australia. The Mayor and Alderman formed part of the procession.

THE Rothschilds have refused to float the new loan desired by the Russian Government.

A MONUMENT to Leopold Arends, the inventor of the system of shorthand known by his name, has just been unveiled in Berlin. The ceremony was attended by representatives of "the national stenography" from all parts of Germany.

A PETITION signed by a large number of the citizens of El Paso, Texas, to Congress asks that body to provide by treaty for the abolition of the free zone. It is alleged that this zone has become a haunt for smugglers.

THE MARKETS.

3 NEW YORK.			
Beeves	4 50	@	5 20
Milch Cows, com. to good	20 00	@	40 00
Calves, common to prime	2 50	@	4 00
Sheep	4 40	@	6 25
Lambs	6 50	@	7 50
Hogs—Live	3 85	@	4 15
Dressed		4½@	7
Flour—City Mill Extra	4 35	@	4 55
Patents	4 65	@	5 30
Wheat—No. 2 Red		87½@	87¾
Rye—State		57 @	59
Barley—Two-rowed State		— @	51
Corn—Ungraded Mixed		27 @	41
Oats—No. 1 White		— @	32½
Mixed Western		27 @	30
Hay—No. 1		80 @	85
Straw—Long Rye		— @	75
Lard—City Steam		— @	5.70c
Butter—State Creamery		16 @	22
Dairy, fair to good		11 @	20
West, Im. Creamery		9 @	18
Factory		8 @	11
Cheese—State Factory		8 @	10⅜
Skims—Light		4 @	8
Western		7 @	10
Eggs—State and Penn		— @	16½
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Western	2 15	@	4 70
Sheep—Medium to Good	4 90	@	5 60
Lambs—Fair to Good	5 50	@	6 60
Hogs—Good to Choice Yorks	3 75	@	3 85
Flour—Family	5 00	@	5 25
Wheat—No. 2 Northern		— @	85
Corn—No. 3, Yellow		33 @	33½
Oats—No. 2, White		26¾@	27
Barley—No. 1 Canada		65 @	66
BOSTON.			
Flour—Spring Wheat Pat's	5 00	@	5 65
Corn—Steamer Yellow		35 @	41½
Oats—No. 2 White		30 @	36
Rye—State		— @	65
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef—Dressed weight		5½@	6¼
Sheep—Live weight		3½@	5
Lambs		6 @	7⅛
Hogs—Northern		— @	5
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. family	3 75	@	3 90
Wheat—No. 2, Red, Jan		80½@	81
Corn—No. 2, Mixed, Jan		36¼@	36½
Oats—Ungraded White		— @	32
Potatoes—Rose		55 @	65
Butter—Creamery Extra		25 @	26
Cheese—Part skims		7 @	8

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Philippian Earthquake." (Preached in London, England.)

TEXT: *"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."*—Acts xvi., 31.

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine, to-day, we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in a nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that! What's that!" It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? O, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of that Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob, and groan, and blasphemy, and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and rock till all the doors swing open, and the walls fall with a terrific crash. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and feeling suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. Compact, thrilling, tremendous answer; answer memorable all through earth and heaven: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquakes in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. He is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just came home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and an unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at the beach. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes, and prospects, and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come in together—"the Lord Jesus Christ." Now, who is this Being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character; but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable this morning, when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. You tell me that the contemporary writers describe him, and they give the color of his eyes, and the color of his hair, and they describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. Christ did not tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto Me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the Pharisees. The children had come without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones pitched from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. "Suffer little children to come unto Me." That was addressed to the Pharisees; not to the children. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom; John could not help but put his head there. Such eyes, such cheeks, such a chin, such hair, such physical condition and appearance—why, it must have been completely captivating and winsome. I suppose a look at Him was just to love Him. O, how attractive His manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that He might look at them. O! there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look. When these sick ones were brought out did He say: "Take away these sores; do not trouble Me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the old hypocrites trembled before Him. How the Kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at His back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all the ages. Oh! He was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy, or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize His earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross. "You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let Him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel His warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of His anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and the hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve, and muscle, and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake His right hand to see if it is fast, and they shake His left foot to see if it is fast, and then they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of His body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. O, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed His crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no, He was to die. He must die. His life for my life. His life for your life. In one of the European cities a young man died on the scaffold or the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for His mother, not for His father, but for His sworn enemies. O, such a Christ as that—so loving, so self sacrificing—can you not trust Him?

I think there are many under the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how:" and the great question asked by thousands in this assemblage is: "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house give you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. You go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe; I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference, but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with Him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith. But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cries: "No hope! we are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the Captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the Captain. Who shall it be? You or the Captain? The Captain says: "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul.

You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. O, was there ever a prize offered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point: "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. He has sworn He will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, farther than that—it means a peaceful death.

Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand, and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture unless Christ be with us. I confess to you to an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home, and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lit, and the further on in life I get, the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination, I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then! Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from hemlet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth, and through the heavens; "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ! You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house how great our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratories of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. O, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness. Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all your hardships, and bereavements, and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with Me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "O, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? O, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! O, aged men and women, fed by His love and warmed by His grace for three-score-years-and-ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom, having not seen, you love? O, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lambs reclining on the sun lit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar, and crash, and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm while He looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair."

GENERAL CROOK is one of the most unassuming men possible. There is nothing about his face, figure, carriage, clothes, cut of his whiskers, or style of hair, to denote the remarkably successful soldier—the man whose influence with the red aborigines is almost absolute. His wife, on the contrary, with her plump, erect figure, white hair combed back from a striking, almost masculine face, is noticeable in any assemblage. She is the daughter of an old Marylander, now dead, whose heart and soul were pinned to the success of the Confederacy.

NEAR Healdsburg, Cal., is a redwood tree twenty-four feet in diameter, within the hollow of which a squatter and his family have taken up their abode. A few days ago a hunter was attracted to the spot by the sound of voices. To close the opening in the tree a rude door had been constructed of deerskins. Inside the tree benches and tables had been constructed of redwood bark fastened together by wooden pins.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JANUARY 26.

Lesson Text: "Joy Over the Child Jesus," Luke ii., 8-20—Golden Text: Luke ii., 14—Commentary.

8. "And there was in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night." God, who doeth according to His will in the army of Heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, had, through the decree of the Roman Emperor, caused Joseph and Mary to come to Bethlehem. It was trying to the flesh to take such a journey at such a time, but it was all of God. Movements of Empires are overruled to fulfill His word, and all things are ordered for the good of those who love Him. Mary's home was in Nazareth, about seventy miles north of Jerusalem. God had said by His servant Micah that Israel's ruler should be born in Bethlehem (some six miles south of Jerusalem), and now that the time had come, the Roman Emperor is unconsciously made God's instrument to fulfill His word. Frederick Whitfield says: "So God's hand moves silently and surely. The Roman Emperor exercised his almost boundless sway over the whole world, and issued his decress with sovereign authority. A rushing tide went forth each to his place to obey his commands. No thought disturbs the mighty throng from on high. And yet in the obscure village of Bethlehem, at the back of an inn, and lying in a manger, there lies a helpless babe, the son of an humble carpenter's wife; and in His helplessness lies enfolded that which is to turn the tide of all things in this world and in that which is to come, and before which the mightiest events of imperial Rome were to dwindle into insignificance." These shepherds watching their flocks in the night watches remind us of other shepherds to whom God came as they watched their flocks, such as Moses, David and Amos. They also remind us of many other shepherds, watching over the souls under their care in this night of the world's history, and daily expecting a call from the skies to summon them to the marriage of Him who was once the babe in Bethlehem.

9. "And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid" (R. V.). Even though these shepherds were, like Simeon and Anna, "waiting for the consolation of Israel" and "looking for redemption in Jerusalem," this unusual sight and strange visitor was enough to make them afraid. Put yourself in their place. Fancy a heavenly visitor suddenly appearing to you and something of heaven's glory shining about you. Would you be perfectly quiet in such a presence, or is there a possibility that you might be somewhat afraid? We need to remember that now, as then, angels are ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation (Heb. i., 14, R. V.), and although invisible they are ever with us, serving unseen and unthanked.

10. "Fear not; for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." This is the third "fear not" which we hear from angels to mortals in this Gospel; and what good tidings there are in just those two words. Fear and forebodings are the constant companions of so many Christians, instead of the peace and joy which should characterize those who have become children of God by faith in Jesus Christ, and who, if they believed God, would be sure that He who spared not His own Son would with Him freely give all things, and make all things work for good (Rom. viii., 28, 32; Ps. lxxxiv., 11; Jer. xxix., 11).

11. "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Truly has one said that, "Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born, if He's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn." This day is also the time when He will enter thy soul if you have not yet let Him in, and are willing now.

12. "Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." How great the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that led Him to become so poor for us that we through His poverty might be rich (II Cor. viii., 9.) His cradle a manger, His home one of the poorest in Nazareth; in His ministry He uses a borrowed boat, rides on a borrowed ass, keeps the passover in a borrowed room; when He dies He sleeps in a borrowed tomb; He is Lord of all and yet lives here as having nothing of this world's possessions. When shall we learn that this world's goods are only of value as we can use them for Him, and that anything should satisfy us here while we wait for the coming of the Kingdom?

13. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God." Jacob on his way home from Laban is met by the angels of God, and he said: "This is God's host." When Joshua is about to take Jericho he is met by one who says: "As captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." When Elisha's servant was afraid because of the Syrian army, Elisha prayed and the Lord opened the young man's eyes, and he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha (Gen. xxxii., 1, 2; Jos. v., 14; II Ki. vi., 17). Thus the heavenly hosts delight to do God's will, praising Him in song and in service, as they minister unto His servants.

14. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased" (R. V.). The aim of all angelic service is to bring Glory to God—the command to us is: "Glorify God in your body."

15. "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." The shepherds had heard and seen that which they could never forget; their ears must have been somewhat dulled to earth's music and their eyes dimmed to earth's glories after these sounds and sights. So it must have been with Paul after he was caught up into Paradise. Oh, for such a sight by faith of Jesus and His glory as would forever wean us from all the sinful sights and sounds of this present evil world!

16. "They came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe, lying in a manger." They found the angel's message true, found the Saviour of Israel and of the world, a helpless babe lying in a manger; and as they looked they believed that this was indeed He of whom the prophets had spoken, the Son of David, Son of Abraham.

17. "When they had seen they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child." Joy filled their own hearts, and joyfully they spread the tidings, and tell simply what they have seen and heard.

18. "And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds." If that was all the effect the tidings had upon them, they might wonder to all eternity and be none the better for it; it is not wonder, but faith, that brings the blessing.

19. "But Mary kept all these tidings and pondered them in her heart." Like Daniel, who though he could not understand yet kept the matter in his heart (Dan. vii., 28).

20. "The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them." You could not shut them up any more than you could stop a volcano. It was in them, and like Jeremiah they could not keep still about it (Jer. xx., 9). They had caught the spirit of the angels and praise God they must; and their testimony was all about Jesus. Let us in our ordinary vocations serve the Lord with gladness, and even though tried let us be cheerful, knowing that a loving Father appoints it, and thus we shall glorify God and spread peace among those in whom He is well pleased.—*Lesson Helper.*

THE discovery by M. Pasteur of the microbe of the silkworm disease has been a fortunate matter for the silk industry of the south of France, which was beginning to be very seriously affected. Having found out that the germ of the microbe passed from the moth to the egg, and that therefore when the worm hatched out the microbe was in it, and it perpetuated the disease, M. Pasteur hit upon a method for stamping out the plague. He put each worm to lay its eggs upon a separate piece of paper, then he examined the moth carefully, those found to be diseased were burnt with the eggs they had laid, and only the eggs of healthy moths used. This method was so successful that in a short time the eggs from the station where M. Pasteur was experimenting realized the sum of £1,100,000, and by degrees the disease has been almost entirely eradicated from the south of France.

PARCELS sent by post are subject to hard usage before they reach their destination, and if carelessly tied up the contents are apt to be lost or destroyed. Whatever the contents they must be as snugly packed as possible and tied with a strong cord. The narrow pieces of ribbon that often come around handkerchiefs, and the bits of nice twine if saved will come handy here. If photographs, cards, pressed flowers, etc., are laid between two pieces of pasteboard a little larger than the thing sent, and notches made in the center of all four sides in which to tightly tie the strings, they will, as a general thing, come out in good condition. Stout, white paper is the best for the outside wrapper, and the address written clearly in some conspicuous place will help insure for it a safe delivery.

EVEN the much despised tramp has often more honor than he's given credit for, as witness the following from New Jersey: "Fourteen years ago a tramp knocked at the door of Daniel Palmer, in South Orange Township, Essex County, and asked for a hat. By mistake one of the daughters gave him her father's best silk hat, discovering the mistake just as the tramp started away with it. An exclamation by her sister apprised the tramp of the prize he had received. Little thought was afterward given to the matter until a few mornings ago, when a clean, new hat box was found on the front porch. It contained a new silk hat, and this explanation within a slip of paper: 'To replace your father's best silk hat, taken by me fourteen years ago.'"

A MYSTERY of the Artic regions may be cleared up next year if the season is open. This mystery is: Where do the whales go when ice begins to set in along the Alaskan coast? Whalemen know they go eastward, and it is supposed they congregate about the mouth of the great Mackenzie River, but this and the region to the northeast of the river's mouth are practically unknown territory. The Pacific Steam Whaling Company, of San Francisco, has just purchased a strong steamer, which will be sent to the Artic next spring with orders to push through to the mouth of the Mackenzie. The reason for this is that whalebone is rising in price, and this season's catch showed that the whales are rapidly decreasing in their usual feeding grounds.

A PRIMARY teacher in one of the schools of Independence, Kan., was talking to her class about peace-makers, and asked, "What is a peace-maker?" Two hands were raised; one said, "A peace-maker makes pieces of things; the other, "He makes pieces for us to speak." Yet some persons think that if a child, on being asked if it wants to go to heaven, raises its hand, it should at once be received into the church and admitted to the holy communion.

GOSPATIN APOSTOLOFF, a young Cossack engineer, has designed a "bateau plongeur" which will dive into the Atlantic off the English coast and come up in New York harbor twenty-six hours later. It is the old story of being shaped like a fish, with a spiral ridge on the outside, running around it twice, which in some way or other will be made to revolve.

The Mapleton Item

I. N. SWOPE. H. A. THOMPSON.

SWOPE & THOMPSON,

Editors & Proprietors.

"THE ITEM" WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT THE FOLLOWING RATES IN ADVANCE:

ONE YEAR,.....$1.00
SIX MONTHS,.....50
THREE MONTHS,.....25

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Entered at the Post Office at Mapleton Depot, Pa., as Second Calss Mail Matter.

Mount Union.

We are pleased to chronicle the fact that J. H. Shaver has, at last, succumbed to the embrace of La Grippe. He is one of the gentlemen who are above contracting a common disease.

J. W. Fisher, of Mann's Choice, Bedford county, manager of the tannery at that place, was in town last week.

Howard Postleth waites pent Sunday with his parents. He was home in consequence of an attack of influenza.

The following is part of a conversation we overheard a few days ago. "The doctor says he is eternally hurt and it may end in spilo miginitus." We are unable to say who the unfortunate person is, but he evidently needs our sympatny. Girls, look up your dictionaries.

Jno. S. Bare's smiling countenance was visible on our streets on Sunday last.

The iron for the new county bridge is on hand; and, as the masonry is about completed, we expect soon to see the structure rise.

Bruce Bare is home from Washington for a few days. We are glad to see him again, as he was one of our childhood friends.

The chair factory is radient in a new coat of white-wash. Mr. DeFrehn says he puts out nearly forty varieties of chairs, and has several thousand in knockdown shape, ready to put up as soon as the machinery is placed. He expects to have things in working order in a few weeks.

Miss Junie Eby, of Ardenheim, spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Alda Gayton.

Little Trough Creek.

The plowing has suddenly ceased. Froze up.

The roads are not getting better fast. Another team "stuck."

Mrs. Maggie Boring has been visiting her father, A. W. Wright, and her numerous friends the past week.

The roof of Richard Chilcott's dwelling house caught fire a few days ago, and but for the timely discovery of the fire. the house would have been burned down.

Clyde Greenland and sister, Flora, were the guests of Mr and Mrs. O. T. Swope, as were also Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Greenland, all of Calvin.

"La Grippe" has made serious inroads upon the people of this vicinity. The following we can think of but they are only a few: J. M. Wright and son, E. M. Smith and entire family, three of O. T. Swope's family, Oliver Brown and family (Mrs. Brown is quite ill), Mrs. R. Crotsley and grand daughter, Grace, and a host of others. It's about time the grip would grab loose.

The spelling at Pine Grove was very well attended and the spelling and order were good. Miss Jennie Peterson, the teacher, is a good instructor, as well as a fine scholar, and we are glad to know that the children are taking advantage of her ability to instruct them and are making good progress in their studies.

C. W. Smith & Bro. and Martin Smith are going into the lumber business, they having purchased a new saw-mill. They will be prepared to turn out umber in a few days. We understand that J. C. Shaffer will be the sawyer. "Squire" is a jovial good saw-mill man.

The Smith Bros. have dissolved partnership in the chopping mill, W. B. going out.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Stroup is going to leave the Buena Vista mill. Mr. S. is not only a good miller but is a gentlemen in the full sense of the term.

It is reported that if the rope had not broken a case of lynching would have been performed on the back street. Other outrages are reported in the same locality. There is certainly room for missionary or white cap work over there. Perhaps the latter would be most likely to do good.

Saltillo.

Squire E. B. Hissong passed through Saltillo last Monday on his way home from Pittsburgh, where he had been attending court.

Judge Clarkson together with Mr. Adam Curfman passed through town on Monday and gave some of their friends a brief call.

Edgar Shafer, of Rockhill, paid Saltillo a flying visit last week and was the guest of T. R. Henderson's family.

During the gale on Monday Mrs. Anna Drake was struck on the head by a large cellar door and rendered unconscious. She is very nearly herself again, barring the headache.

Miss Effie Fulton has been quiet ill with quinsy and rheumatism. She is some better.

The "posies" are all frozen and we will gather no more bouquets as the hoary king has visited us since I last wrote and ice was formed in some places. Marvellous, wasn't it.

We heard a school teacher had to pay two weeks board and did not get the board as she was attending the Institute and visiting in Huntingdon, but that was "nix" to her inexorable landlady.

Dr. Bush, of Rockhill, is considered "the physician" by Mr. Greene, as he has improved under his treatment.

Samuel Parks has been on the sick list for several days, but is some improved at this writing.

Our constable, Joseph Parks, has been suffering with "la grippe."

A conductor on the 5 o'clock evening train said he saw two young ladies jump on the empty coal cars that they might get a short free ride.

Two sons of Thomas Roles jumped the cars down at the station and attempted to jump off a little above the mill, when one fell and broke his collar bone and the other was fearfully scratched about his lower limbs. The one that was scratched was treated to a severe dose of hickory oil and the one with the broken bone will be, as soon as he is able to stand it.

R. W. Hudson and wife have been on the sick list.

Shope & Fulton have enlarged their store room and filled it with choice groceries and general merchandise which they are selling at reasonable prices. The change made is pleasant to both buyer and seller.

Miss Ida McClain has returned home from Trough Creek.

The beautiful little daughter of Adam Long is visiting her brother at Chambersburg.

Gilson Fulton, a bright little boy of this place, remarked, when some one asked if a certain man had his life insured: "Yes, he has the best insurance, he has religion."

George Wolf, ticket agent and telegraph operator at this place intends to move to Johnstown the first of next month. We wish him success in his new enterprise, as he intends to engage in the upholstery business. Rumor says a gentleman from New Grenada will occupy his house.

Russell Giffin has rented his farm to J. A. Harkins, our school teacher.

Charles Greene intends going to Huntingdon next week to work at the car works.

Miss Ada Spangler has gone home after a prolonged visit at this place.

Mr. Cunningham, of New Grenada, was called to Saltillo on the sad duty of procuring mourning for the family of Mr. Alloway, deceased. Mr. A. was buried on Sunday. Sermon by Rev. Smith.

The widow of Frank Covert has moved to her father's farm and the prattle of the children will remind the grand parents of the early days of their own little ones.

—As Miss Nellie Jones, the operator at the signal tower of the Pennsylvania railroad in this place, was going to her duties about 6.30 a. m., Saturday, she walked up the track, as she supposed on the siding next to the tannery. Without giving a thought concerning trains, she leisurely stepped from tie to tie with head down, and was startled by the sharp whistle of an engine. She then realized her danger and hastily jumped from the track as the workingmen's train rushed passed her. She had been on the track of east bound trains, and as the engine was backing ahead of the train, no headlight was seen. What might have been a horrible death, was fortunately averted by the keenness of vision of the engineer.

At the next telegraph station, the engineer, very considerately, wired his inquiry about her.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Schedule in effect November 10th 1889.

LEAVE WESTWARD. Pacific Express.	Way Passenger.	Altoona Accommodat'n.	STATIONS.	LEAVE EASTWARD. Sea Shore Express.	Mail.	Harrisburg Accom'n.
p. m.	a. m.	a.m.		p. m.	p.m.	a. m.
11 25	4 30		Philadelphia	3 15	1045	
a. m.				a. m.		
3 10	8 15	5 30	Harrisburg	11 40	7 00	8 50
	8 33	5 48	Marysville	11 22	6 39	3
3 38	8 54	6 04	Duncannon	11 07	6 21	8 18
4 00	9 26	6 32	Newport	10 44	5 50	7 51
	9 52	6 55	Thompsout'n	10 25	5 26	7 32
4 34	10 13	7 14	Port Royal	10 09	5 09	7 14
4 39	10 20	7 20	Mifflin	10 05	5 03	7 09
5 01	10 46	7 45	Lewistown Jn	9 43	4 38	6 45
	10 55	7 63	Granville	9 36	4 29	6 37
5 22	11 14	8 11	McVeytown	9 20	4 12	6 20
5 40	11 39	8 33	N. Hamilton	9 02	3 51	6 00
5 46	11 46	8 39	Mt. Union	8 56	3 46	5 54
5 54	11 55	8 46	MAPLETON	8 51	3 38	5 47
6 00	12 03	8 53	Mill Creek	8 45	3 32	5 41
6 12	12 17	9 05	Huntingdon	8 35	3 20	5 30
6 25	12 31	9 21	Petersburg	8 20	3 06	
6 33	12 40	9 29	Barree	8 13	2 59	
6 40	12 46	9 36	Spruce Creek	8 06	2 54	
6 54	12 59	9 48	Birmingham	7 55	2 42	
7 00	1 07	9 51	Tyrone	7 49	2 35	
7 11	1 16	10 03	Tipton	7 40	2 26	
7 22	1 26	1012	Bellwood	7 32	2 18	
7 30	1 32	1018	Elizabeth Fur	7 26	2 11	
7 45	1 45	1030	Altoona	7 15	2 00	
12 45	6 50		Pittsburg		5 30	
p. m.	p. m.	a.m.		p. m.	a.m.	a. m.

Mail Express east leaves Altoona at 6:20 p. m., daily, Tyrone, 6:52; Birmingham, 6:59; Spruce Creek, 7:10; Petersburg, 7:22; Huntingdon, 7:37; Mapleton, 7:53; Mount Union, 8:00; Harrisburg, 10:45 and arrives at Philadelphia at 4:25 a. m.

Fast Line leaves Philadelphia daily at 11:50 a. m., Mount Union 6:11 p. m.; Huntingdon, 6:30; Altoona, 7:50 and arrives at Pittsburg at 11:55 p. m.

Day Express east leaves Pittsburg at 8:00 a. m., daily, Altoona, 11:50 a. m., Huntingdon, 12:48 p. m., Mount Union, 1:08; Harrisburg, 3:20, and arrives at Philadelphia at 6:50 p. m.

Philadelphia Express east leaves daily, (except Sunday) Pittsburg at 4:30 p. m., Altoona, 9:05; Huntingdon 10:12; Harrisburg, 1:00 a. m., and arrives at Philadelphia at 4:25 a. m.

Fast Line east leaves Pittsburg at 8 10 p. m., daily, Altoona, 12:01 a. m., Huntingdon, 12:58; Harrisburg, 3:30, and arrives at Philadelphia at 6:50 a. m.

Mail train west leaves Philadelphia daily at 7:00 a. m., Harrisburg, 11:20; Mount Union, 1:56 p. m., Huntingdon, 2:17; Altoona, 3:40, and arrives at Pittsburg at 8:10 p. m.

Huntingdon Accommodation leaves Altoona daily at 11.30 p. m., and arrives at Huntingdon at 12.40 a. m.

HUNTINGDON AND BROAD TOP MOUNTAIN RAILROAD.

New Schedule Nov. 29th, 1888.

SOUTH Mail	Expr's	STATIONS.	NORTH Fast Line	Day Expr's
a. m.	a. m.		p. m.	p. m.
6 35	8 25	Huntingdon	6 20	12 15
6 45	8 35	McConl'st'n	6 09	12 02
6 52	8 41	Grafton	6 05	11 58
7 03	8 51	Marklesb'g	5 55	11 48
7 10	9 00	Entriken	5 45	11 40
f7 22	9 12	Cove	5 32	11 28
7 35	9 25	Saxton	5 20	11 15
7 48	9 40	Riddlesburg	5 06	11 02
7 53	9 45	Hopewell	5 02	10 57
8 05	9 55	Cypher	f4 52	10 47
8 15	10 08	Tatesville	4 41	10 38
8 21	10 17	Everett	4 33	10 28
8 25	10 20	Mt. Dallas. Bedford	4 30	10 25
p. m.	a. m.		p. m.	a. m.

"f" Flag Stations.

Trains over Shoup's Branch leave Saxton at 9:35 and arrive at Dudley at 10:05 a. m. Leave Dudley at 4:30 and arrive at Saxton at 5:00 p. m.

GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.

EAST BROAD TOP RAILROAD.

To take effect at 6:00 a. m., on Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1888.

SOUTH. Mixed, No. 10.	Mixed, No. 8.	Mail, No. 2.	STATIONS.	NORTH. Mail, No. 1.	Mixed, No. 7.	Mixed, No. 9
p. m.	a. m.	p.m.		a. m.	a.m.	p. m.
6 42	12 09	4 21	Robertsdale	L9 00	6 00	1 00
6 29	11 56	4 10	Cook's	9 11	6 13	1 13
6 21	11 48	4 04	Rocky Ridge	9 19	6 21	1 21
6 15	11 42	3 57	Cole's	9 24	6 27	1 27
5 40	11 07	3 27	Saltillo	9 54	6 57	1 56
5 20	10 58	3 20	Three Springs	10 01	7 05	2 04
5 08	10 42	3 06	*Beersville	10 14	7 20	2 17
4 52	10 27	2 52	Rockhill	10 27	7 35	2 32
4 22	9 54	2 26	Shirley	10 43	7 55	3 02
4 12	9 45	2 18	*Augh. Mills	10 51	8 05	3 11
3 54	9 25	2 05	Mount Union	11 05	8 25	3 30

Express No. 3, moving north leaves Rockhill at 12:30, arriving at Mt. Union at 1 p. m,

Express No. 4, moving south leaves Mount Union at 11:50 a. m., arriving at Rockhill at 12:20 p. m.

SHADE GAP BRANCH.

WEST. No. 14	No. 12	STATIONS.	EAST No. 11	No. 13
p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.
6 23	9 40	L Rockhill A	6 30	4 42
6 16	9 33	*Blacklog	6 37	4 49
6 08	9 25	*Cedar Rock	5 45	4 57
6 04	9 21	*Locke Vall'y	6 49	5 01
5 58	9 15	*Shade Gap	6 55	5 07
5 46	8 58	Stair	7 07	5 19
5 37	8 49	A Goshorn L	7 16	5 28

* Flag stations.

A. W. SIMS, Superintendent.

Subscribe

—FOR—

"The Item."

Scissorings.

A little girl, somewhat noted for her quaint and original sayings, said the other day at the breakfast table that "she had got a piece of bread head first down her cough pipe."

The French Government has just constructed and tested a new vessel which can be kept under water for four hours at a time, and which, under such circumstances, would play havoc with an enemy's fleet.

This is a negro brother's explanation of race colors: "Noah's sons war all bawn white, but when Ham saw his father lyin' drunk he was so mortyfied that he turned black. Shem didn't feel so bad an' only turned yaller, and Japhat hadn't no shame at all."

The biggest edible oysters in the world, according to a current paragraph, are found at Port Lincoln, South Australia. They are as large as a dinner plate, and the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his his shell so well that he leaves little margin.

This seems to be a cold wave, but popular confidence in cold waves is gone. At the same time it behooves johny-jump-ups, dandelions, and other delicate organizations to close up for a few days until it is known whether the cold wave is going to be an institution or simply a freak. Most persons feel so incredulous about the return of cold weather that even freezing an ear or two would hardly persuade them that January is not a summer month.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE SUN

FOR

1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN's opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN'S fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.

Daily, per month	$0.50
Daily, per year	6.00
Sunday, per year	2.00
Daily and Sunday, per year	8.00
Daily and Sunday, per month	0.70
Weekly Sun, one year	1.00

Address, THE SUN, New York.

Stage Route

—BETWEEN—

Cassville & Mill Creek.

The undersigned has just placed on the old stage route between Mill Creek and Cassvile a new hack, and is prepared to give patrons first class accommodations. Leave Cassville every morning at 7.30 o'clock arriving at Mill Creek in time for Way Passenger; returning leave Mill Creek at 2.30 p. m. Patronage solicited.

J. H. RINDLAUB.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of GEO. T. NUMER, Dec'd.

Letters of administration having been granted the undersigned on the estate of George T. Numer, late deceased, of the Borough of Mapleton, county of Huntingdon, and state of Pennsylvania, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate settlement and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

GEORGE W. YOCUM.

Hunt'd'n, Pa., Jan 7, '90. Administrator.

Subscribe for "The Item."

GREAT SLAUGHTER!

IN

Thos. S. Johnston's CLOAK DEPARTMENT!

Every Garment Must Be Sold!

Now Is the Time to Secure Bargains!

Prices Way Down!

Come and See for Yourself!

Thos. S. Johnston,

OPERA HOUSE,

HUNTINGDON, PENN'A.

The Mapleton Item.

Mapleton Depot, Penn'a, Jan. 22, 1890.

BOROUGH DIRECTORY.

Burgess—Dr. J. G. Spangler.
Assistant Burgess - W. B. Stone.
Councilmen -H. R. Gurd, J. B. Ewing, J. G. Gillam, W. H. Dunn, Marshall Yocum, A. Heeter.
Constable—James Montgomery.
High-Constable—S. P. Stubbs.
Tax-Collector & Treasurer— ———
School-Directors—A. M. Parker, Sec'y., A. Heeter, W. B. Stone, J. K. Robley, J. P. Wilson, Pres., B. F. Godard.
Judge-of-Election—A. Lamberson.
Inspectors—F. D. Heeter, B. F. Baker.
Assessor—A. M. Parker.
Auditors—G. W. Wright, I. N. Swope, V. B. McCarthy.
Borough-Clerk—I. N. Swope.
Justices-of-the-Peace—A. W. Swope, ———.
Police-Officers—James Montgomery, R. N. McCarl.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Mapleton Lodge, No. 468, I. O. O. F. meets every Saturday evening, at 7.00 o'clock, in Rex's Hall. David Shore, N. G.; J. K. Gillam, Secretary.

Aldema Lodge, Daughters of Rebeka, No. 189, meets second Friday evening of each month. Mrs. Sarah J. Stubbs, N. G.: Miss Nannie Swope, Secretary.

Washington Camp, No. 59, Patriotic Order Sons of America meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Rex's Hall. Juniata Council (White Degree) meets first Tuesday evening of each month, immediately after adjournment of Camp, Alfred Lamberson, President; A. L. Morgan, Secretary.

Harry Corbin Post, No. 200, G. A. R. meets first and third Friday evenings of each month, in Rex's Hall.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. C. L. Benscoter, pastor. Preaching every Sunday, alternating morning and evening. Sunday-school, 2 o'clock. p. m. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening. Young Men's prayer-meeting every Friday evening.

Church officials—Stewards, A. Heeter, T. M. Logan, H. H. Swope, I. N. Swope, J. P. Wilson, H. R. Gurd. Trustees, A. Heeter, D. H. Foster, R. S. Henderson, J. P. Wilson, Martin Wilson, A. Broombaugh, H. R. Gurd, Benj. O'Connor, John S. Henderson. Superintendent Sunday-school, D. H. Foster; Secretary, J. A. Brumbaugh.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. D. H. Campbell, pastor. Preaching every other Sabbath, alternating morning and afternoon (3 o'clock). Sunday-school, 2, p. m. Prayer-meeting every Sunday and Thursday evenings.

Church officials—Elders, W. H. Rex, A. W. Swope, Samuel Hatfield, B. F. Baker. Deacon, W. W. Wright. Trustees, V. B. McCarthy, Samuel Hatfield, W. W. Wright. Superintendent, Sunday-school, B. F. Baker; Secretary, W. E. Bitner.

U. B. Church—Rev. W. Cramer, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath, alternating morning and evening. Sunday-school, 9, a. m. Prayer-meeting every Thursday evening.

Church officials—Trustees, E. Robley, A. M. Parker, Philip Hooper, J. K. Robley, B. F. Godard. Leader, E. Robley; Assistant Leader, B. F. Slates. Steward, J. K. Robley. Superintendent, Sunday-school, B. F Godard; Secretary, A. M. Parker.

LOCAL NOTES.

Oh, Grippe!
Please skip.

—Harry Carothers, of Mill Creek, is ill with typhoid fever.

—Borough and township election proclamations at the Item office.

—The Bellefonte glass works were put in operation last Wednesday.

—Rev. C. L. Benscoter will preach in the M. E. church next Sunday evening.

—R. M. Crum was on Monday appointed postmaster at Salter, this county.

—Charles T. Evans, of Bedford county, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Evans last week.

—Mrs. J. G. Allison, of Brady township, is seriously ill with dropsy, the result of heart trouble.

—L. S. Swope, of James Creek Mills, was a visitor to Mapleton Saturday and Sunday. He expects to locate here in the spring.

—All those who have used Baxter's Mandrake Bitters speak very strongly in their praise. Twenty-five cents per bottle. For sale by Wm. M. Phillips.

—R. K. Potts, engineer at the heading factory, was incapaciated from work a day or two last week by beings truck by a board thrown off from one of the cutters.

—The Ember Days this year are as follows: Wednesday, February 26th; Wednesday, May 28th; Wednesday, September 17th; Wednesday, December 17th.

—The meeting at the U. B. church continues in progress. Rev. Ross Weicks occupied the pulpit Sunday evening. There were three penitents at the altar last night.

—Leonard Stell, of Brady township, and D. H. Heck, of Union township, both have cause for rejoicing, the former being the father of a young son and the latter of a daughter.

—Mrs. Lorenzo Frank, daughter of Samuel Miller, esq., formerly of Mount Union, died of dropsy at her home in Harrisburg Monday afternoon. The remains will be brought to Mount Union for interment.

—In case of hard cold nothing will relieve the breathing so quickly as to rub Arnica & Oil Liniment on the chest. For sale by Wm. M. Phillips.

—The regular annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association will be held in the parlor of the Lochiel House, Harrisburg, this afternoon.

—Edward J. Tate, engineer at the steam shovel, was on Monday evening married to Miss Sadie Harkins. The ceremony was performed by A. W. Swope, esq., at his residence.

—Rev. T. P. Orner, pastor of the Second United Brethren church, of Altoona, formerly of Mapleton, was the recipient of a very liberal donation from his flock on the 11th inst.

—Washington Camp, No. 348, Pa., P. O. S. of A., of Orbisonia, will present flags to the public schools of Orbisonia and Rockhill boroughs and Cromwell township on Washington's Birthday.

—John McLaughlin, of Middletown, was visiting friends in Mapleton last week. John is assistant superintendent of the electric light plant at Middletown and is doing well. He was off on a vacation on account of a bealed hand.

—Hiram Baum, of Cass township, was recently granted an increase of pension. Jacob Conrad, of Orbisonia, has been similarly favored and the claim of William Mundorf, of Union Church, for an invalid pension has been favorably acted upon.

—T. M. Logan will sell at Bridgeport, in Brady township, Tuesday, February 4, 1890, commencing at 1 o'clock, the following personal property: 2 horses, harness, 2 wagons, cart and cart gears, a lot of rye, single-trees, chains, bobsleds, etc.

—The name of N. H. Downs' still lives, although he has been dead many years. His Elixir for the cure of coughs and colds has already outlived him a quarter of a century, and is still growing in favor with the public. For sale by Wm. M. Phillips.

—A stenographer and typewriter for the service of the passengers is to be one of the novel features on the Pennsylvania limited trains beginning on Feb. 1. A compartment is to be fitted up for the purpose on each train, and letters are to be mailed from the train.

—The Speer White Sand Company's calendar for 1890 is out and is as handsome as its predecessors. It illustrates the Empire and Juniata works, of Mapleton; the Connellsville works, and the works at Layton Quarries. It is an ornament to any room. The ITEM has been favored with one of these handsome calendars.

—The Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries are now ready to distribute brook trout fry. Application for fry should be made to Henry C. Ford, 1823 Vine street, Philadelphia; James V. Long, 75 Fifth avenue. Pittsburg; H. C. Dermuth, Lancaster; S. B. Stillwell, Scranton; L. Streuber, Erie, or W. L. Powell, Harrisburg.

—All our local readers are well acquainted with Miss Nellie Jones, who manipulates the electric keys at the B. P. office, day-time track, and they will regret to hear of her indisposition. She was relieved Monday morning. Her illness seems to be local, without influenza, and we all hope she may be able to resume her wonted place soon, where we know she is appreciated by the "powers that be."

—The entertainment in the Presbyterian church last Thursday evening was a decided success despite the fact that several of the leading members were ill. After the responsive readings, music, scriptural readings, select reading by Miss Orie Hooper, and a recitation by Miss Cora Taylor, Santa Claus made his appearance bearing a heavy burden of choice confections and oranges. All went away much pleased with the entertainment and treat.

—The Huntingdon & Broad Top Railroad Company have contracted with a Pottstown firm for the erection of a new iron bridge across the Juniata river at Huntingdon. The contract price for the work is $31,500, and the structure is to be completed by May 15th. When this improvement is completed the road will be equipped with a complete and uniform set of iron bridges over every stream that it crosses. Manager Gage merits much praise for his successful management of what was before his administration a very shaky and losing corporation.

—Rachel T., wife of John M. Stoneroad, esq., died at her home, in Birmingham, Tuesday morning, January 14th, at 1 o'clock, after an illness of three days. She was taken suddenly ill with "la grippe" on Saturday, which was followed by pneumonia, the cause of death. Her maiden name was Rachel T. Parker, and she was born in Stone Valley, near the Green Tree, in Huntingdon county, July 13th, 1820, and at the date of her death was aged 69 years, 6 months and 1 day. She was married to Mr Stoneroad July 19, 1840. Preparations were being made by the family to celebrate the golden wedding at the approaching semi-centennial of the marriage. Beside the husband the following children are left to mourn the loss of an affectionate and dutiful wife and a loving and indulgent mother: Curtin P., of Milesburg, Centre county; Mrs. Martha Struble, of Dudley, Huntingdon County; Theodore and Fielding D., of Pittsburg; Mrs. Cecelia Parker, of Sharpsburg, Allegheny county; Mrs. Elizabeth Sprankle, of Fostoria, Blair county, and David K., of Altoona, all of whom are prominent citizens in the localities in which they reside. Also in addition she leaves some thirty grand-children and five great grand children, besides the following brothers and sisters: Samuel Parker, Bellefonte; Robert Parker, Mapleton; David Parker, Wooster, Ohio; Mrs. Catharine Clarke, Bellwood; Mrs. Jane Reynolds, Lewistown, and Mrs. Mary Ditworth, Petersburg. Mrs. Stoneroad professed religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal church in 1831, when in her eleventh year, in which faith she remained a consistent and faithful member until 1863 at which time her husband connected himself with the Presbyterian church at Birmingham and she joined with him, and continued in that faith until her death.

—You should always bear in mind that there are thousands of people in the land who will not work, and the majority of this ilk, as a rule, resort to swindling schemes. Several of our neighboring towns have been visited by two-hoof tourists, one with little longer hair than the other, and work it for all it is worth. The one with the long hair will call at a house and ask the loan of a pair of scissors, saying that his companion wishes to cut his hair. That is the last you see of the scissors or the bum. He works that scheme until he gets about a dozen pairs of scissors and then he goes to meet his confederate at some appointed place. They have sand paper, emery paper, and all the necessary implements to polish the scissors, and, after doing so, they retail them at a very reasonable price and still realize a living profit. Look out for the long-haired chap who desires to have his hair cut by a friend of his, he may call at your house at any hour.

John McC. Grainey.

John McComb Grainey, familiary known as "Jonnie" died at the residence of his parents at Jackstown, Friday evening, January 17, 1890 at 5.30 o'clock. He was born at Jackstown February 8, 1865, hence was at the time of his death aged 24 years, 11 months and 9 days. He never was very stout but enjoyed good health until about one year ago when it became apparent that the seeds of consumption were sown in his system and he has since been on the decline. He suffered much, complained none, and awaited expectantly the summons of the Master. About eight years ago he joined the United Brethren church. To say he lived a consistent Christian life seems commonplace, but of him it is strictly true in every sense. He knew nobody's business but his own, was trustworthy without limit. Words fail to express the uprightness of this young man. Enemies, he had none. To know him was to love him. His pastor, class-leader, brethren, friends and acquaintances all testify to the purity of his life which was a living epistle. He died peacefully. While his body was racked wasted, his soul communed with things heavenly. He has gone to be forever with the Lord. May our latter end be like his. The remains were interred in the Odd Fellows' cemetery Monday afternoon, Rev. W. Cramer officiating at the services. The bereaved family, who have the sympathy of the entire community, extend thanks for the many kindnesses rendered them.

School Report.

The third month of the borough schools closed last week. On account of the intervening holidays, forced vacation, and the "grippe" there was a heavy decrease of per cent. of attendance as compared with the previous months. Following is the report.

School No. 3, I. N. Swope, Teacher.

	Male.	Female.	Total.
No. Enrolled,	16	9	25
Average Attendance	13	8	21
Per cent. of "	85	83	84

Pupils who missed no time during month: Prudie Miller, William W. Broombaugh, J. B. Montgomery, L. Lloyd Parker, Arthur F. Parker, E. Guy Rex, Edgar E. Godard, Melvin Miller, Walter Cramer.

School No. 2, *Harry A. Thompson, Teacher.*

	Male.	Female.	Total.
No. Enrolled,	14	28	42
Average Attendance,	12	24	36
Per cent. of "	96	86	91

Pupils who missed no time during month: Grace Cree, Minerva Wilson, Daisy Banks, Mary Himes, Flora Dunn, Grace Lamberson, Sadie Baker, Ester McDonald, Alda Parker, Harvey Frey, Newton Mounts, Oscar Wilson, Frank Himes, Robert Banks, John Weston.

School No. 1, Miss Fannie Isenberg, Teacher.

	Male.	Female.	Total.
No. Enrolled,	27	18	45
Average Attendance	24	15	39
Per cent. of "	91	86	88

Pupils who missed no time during month: Cynthia Dunn, Ada Wood, Bessie Chilcote, Maggie Cree, Julia McConahy, Harry Cramer, Howard Barkley, Benjamin Barkley, Oscar, Dunn, William Barkley, Robert Himes Howard Himes.

Origin of the Names of the Months and the Days of the Week.

The names of the months are of Roman origin, and date back to the early days of Rome.

January is so named from the god Janus, to whom the month was sacred. He was the god of the sun,, and is represented with two faces, one looking backward and one forward.

February is from the Latin *februa*, the Roman festival of purification, which was held on the 15th day of that month. It was introcuced into the calendar by Numa.

March was dedicated to the Roman god of war, Mars, and was called *Martius mensis*, the month of Mars—whence the name.

April was called by the Romans Aprilis, which is derived from the word *aperio*, to open; so called because it is the month when the earth opens to the new growth.

May derives its name from the goddess Maia, to whom it was sacred.

June derives its name from the goddess Juno, to whom it was sacred.

July derives its name from that of Julius Cæsar, who was born in that month. Before it was called Quintilis, the fifth month—which it was, as the Roman year began with March.

August was named for Augustus Cæsar. Up to this time it had been called Sextilis, the sixth month.

September is from the Latin word *septem*, meaning seventh, as it was the seventh month of the Roman year.

October is for the Latin *octo*, eight; November from *novem*, nine, and December from *decem*, ten.

The names of the days of the week are of Saxon and Norse origin.

Sunday is sun's day, so called because it was the day dedicated to the sun.

Monday is moon's day, because it was sacred to the moon.

Tuesday is from the Anglo-Saxon *Tiwesdag*, or Tiw's day, from Tiw, the god of war among the northern nations.

Wednesday is from the Anglo-Saxon *Wodnesdag*, Woden's Day, Woden, the same as Odin, the father of the gods in the Norse mythology.

Thursday is from the Anglo-Saxon *Thunresdag*, thunderer's day, as it was originally dedicated to Thor, the god of thunder.

Friday is from the Anglo-Saxon *Frigedag*, Friga's day, from Friga, Fria, or Freya, the goddess, wife of Odin or Woden.

Saturday is from the Anglo-Saxon *Saterdag*, *Saterndag*, Satern's day, from the god Sater, or Satern, the same as the Roman god, Saturn.

—There is a movement on foot in this State to change "Moving Day" from the first of April to the first of May, which is meeting with hearty endorsement almost everywhere. As a rule the weather is much more pleasant in May than in the beginning of April, and by changing the moving day one month later, the greater portion of the discomforts always attendant upon such occasions would be removed.

FEBRUARY 1, 1890

We will personally assume the management of the store on Main street, near the depot. Am closing out business at Altoona and will devote all my time to the Mapleton store, striving to supply the wants of my customers.

Do you trade in Mapleton? If not, why not?

DO YOU KNOW *there is a better market in Mapleton than in any other town in the Juniata Valley?*

DO YOU KNOW *there is no cheaper place to buy whatever you need than at Mapleton?*

DO YOU KNOW *that Gillam keeps the freshest stock of goods in the county?*

DO YOU KNOW *that Gillam sells cheaper than any of his competitors.*

DO YOU KNOW *that Gillam allows no stock to accumulate on his hands.*

These and many other things you ought to know and if you will call at Gillam's store you will learn that these and many other things are exactly so.

Give us a call.

J. G. GILLAM.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

Some of the Principal Indications of Longevity.

Habits and Conditions Which Tend to Lengthen Life.

A physician who issued a work on the subject of longevity, early in the present century, stated "that it would appear that the principal natural indications of a long life are: to be descended, at least by one side, from long-lived parents; to be of a calm, contented, and cheerful disposition; to have a just symmetry or proper conformation of parts, a full chest, well-formed joints and limbs, with a neck and head large rather than small in proportion to the size of the body, and to be a long and sound sleeper." In the course of his hints, he informs us that "the stomach ought never to be overloaded with food, but that exercise, food, drink, sleep, etc., should be taken in moderation.

"All food should be duly masticated before being swallowed, and a variety of dishes ought not to be eaten at the same time. Extremes of heat and cold, with respect to food, drink, and air, are equally to be guarded against. Sleep ought not to continue less than six hours, nor exceed eight."

Another writer states that, "exercise contributes to the preservation of human life; it invigorates our faculties; it dissipates all the superfluous humors of a plethoric habit; it is a gain of time, the enemy of idleness, the duty of the young, and the delight of the aged."

Professor Hufeland says, "peace of mind, cheerfulness and contentment are the foundation of all happiness, all health and long life. Certain habits and dispositions of mind, such as melancholy, care, dejection, fear, anxiety, faint-heartedness, and, in particular, avarice and hatred, which are hostile to life, claim a distinguished rank among those means which tend to shorten it." These are said to destroy digestion and assimilation, and slacken the vigor of the heart.

Sir William Temple was of opinion, "that great temperance; open air; easy labor; little care; simplicity of diet, rather fruits and plants than flesh; and water, which preserves the radical moisture without too much increasing the radical heat,"—were conducive to good health and long life.

Dr. Fothergill, who treated the subject in an able manner a century ago, observes that "the due regulation of the passions contributes, perhaps more than any other cause, to health and longevity. The animating passions, such as joy, hope, love, etc., when kept within proper bounds, gently excite the nervous influence, promote an equable circulation, and are highly conducibe to health; while the depressing affections, such as grief, fear and despair, produce the opposite effect."

Long life, in his opinion, is dependent on, "air and climate, meat and drink, motion and rest, sleep and watching, and affections of the mind; all of which ought to be adapted to the age, temperament, and constitution. Fresh air is more immediately necessary to life than food. The plain diet and invigorating employment of a country life are acknowledged, on all hands, to be highly conducive to health and longevity; while the luxury and refinement of large cities are allowed to be equally destructive to the human species, and this consideration alone, perhaps, more than counterbalances all the boasted privileges of superior elegance and civilization resulting from a city life." In support of this, he stated that "the number of deaths in London from 1728 to 1758 amounted to 750,322, and that in all this prodigious number only 242 persons survived their hundredth year."

He further observes that, "man is by nature a field animal, and seems destined to rise with the sun, and to spend a large portion of his time in the open air, to inure his body to robust exercise and the inclemency of the seasons, and to make a plain, homely repast only when hunger dictates. But art has studiously defeated the kind intentions of nature, and by enslaving him to all the blandishments of sense has left him, alas! an easy victim to folly and caprice."—*Yankee Blade.*

The farmer who makes his own pork and beans puts another bond on health and pays himself for so doing.

Better Than a Cat.

The barn owl, when she has young, brings to her nest a mouse about every twelve minutes, and as she is actively employed both at evenings and at dawn, and as male and female hunt, 40 mice a day is the lowest computation we can make. How soft is the plumage of the owl, and how noiseless her flight! Watch her as she floats past the ivy tod, down by the ricks, and silently over the old wood; then away over the meadow, through the open door and out of the loophole of the barn, round the lichened tower, and along the course of the brook. Presently she returns to her four downy young, with a mouse in one claw and a vole in the other, soon to be ripped up, torn and eaten by the greedy, snapping imps. The young and eggs are found in the same nest. If you would see the midday siesta of these birds, climb up into some haymow. There in an angle of the beam you will see their owlships snoring and blinking wide their great round eyes; their duet is the most unearthly, ridiculous, grave noise conceivable, like nothing else you ever heard. Here they will stay all day, digesting the mice with which they have gorged themselves until twilight when they again issue forth upon their madcap revels. This clever mouser, then, has a strong claim upon our protection; so let not idle superstition, further its destruction.

The Women's Hunt.

A very curious custom is that called the women's hunt, which prevails among some of the aboriginal tribes of Chota Nagpore, India. It is observed whenever any calamity falls upon the community—such as, perhaps, a visitation of cholera.

The women put on men's clothes, take up arms, and go a-hunting—not in the jungles, but in the nearest village east of them. They chase pigs and fowls, take as their own everything they kill, and levy blackmail from the heads of the villages for the purchase of liquor, or else they allow themselves to be bought off for a small sum of money and a pig.

Toward evening the hunting party retire to a stream, cook and eat their meal, drink their liquor and then return home, having acquitted themselves during the day in a thoroughly masculine and boisterous manner.

Then the village that has been visited goes on a similar excursion to the village east of it, and so on to the eastern border of the district. By this series of excursions it is supposed that the evil spirit is safely conducted out of the district without offending its dignity.—*Chicago Times.*

Do the Dying Suffer Pain?

The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends the final act. A natural death is not more painful than birth. Painlessly we come; whence we know not. Painlessly we go; where we know not. Nature kindly provides an anæsthetic for the body when the spirit leaves it. Previous to that moment, and in preparation for it, respiration becomes feeble, generally slow and short, often accompanied by long inspirations, and short, sudden expirations, so that the blood is steadily less and less oxygenated. At the same time the heart acts with corresponding debility, producing a slow, feeble, and often irregular pulse. As the process goes on the blood is not only driven to the head in diminished force and in less quantity, but what flows there is loaded with carbonic acid gas, a powerful anæsthetic, the same as derived from charcoal. Subjected to the influence of this gas the nerve centers lose consciousness and sensibility, apparent sleep creeps over the system; then comes stupor and then the end.

A Pigeon Decides a Law Case.

A novel decision was rendered by Justice Miller in a suit before him between John B. Kirby and John Scott, each claiming the ownership to a certain carrier pigeon, which was brought into court in charge of an officer. Justice Miller, in order to settle the ownership beyond question, ordered the pigeon placed in the hands of two disinterested persons, who took it four miles south of the city and released it. After it had started two chasers were sent up by Kirby, and Scott followed suit by releasing another pigeon. The pigeon in controversy flew straight to the residence of Scott, and according to the decision of Justice Miller is now Scott's property.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The longest time thus far reported for an incandescent lamp to burn is 10,608 hours.

Experiments are being carried out on the Thames river with lifeboats propelled by the reaction of water pumped astern.

The electric lights have reduced the average time of vessels passing through the Suez Canal from 37 hours 57 minutes to 22 hours 32 minutes.

In the purest air subjected to test for the causes which produce the dimming effect of haze there were about 34,000 dust particles found in each cubic inch.

A novel feature of the coming exhibition in Edinburgh will be a working ship railway in which the vessel will be immersed in water while upon the car.

It is said that ten per cent. of alum, added to plaster of paris while being burned, renders it as hard as marble on setting, and capable of taking a fine polish.

A color test for railway employes has been introduced in the shape of a device consisting of a revolving series of colored glasses lighted from behind by a flame and tinted like the lamps of the signal boxes.

In tanning by electricity the ordinary tan liquid is employed, and the hides revolve slowly through it, while the current from a dynamo traverses the vat and helps the tanning to combine with the gelatine of the skin.

A skillful cork-cutter can produce from 1500 to 2000 corks a day, his only tools being two sharp, broad-bladed knives. Machines have been introduced which can turn out about 2000 corks an hour, but they are useless for the cutting of the finer qualities.

A new sort of boot-sole has been introduced in Nuremberg, consisting of a sort of trellis of spiral metal wire, the interstices being filled with gutta percha and rosin. They can be fitted with nails like ordinary soles, are fifty per cent. cheaper than leather and vastly more durable.

When Sir J. Herschel was defending the character of astronomical science in view of an error of nearly 4,000,000 miles in estimating the sun's distance, the correction was shown to apply to an error of observation so small as to be equivalent to the apparent breadth of a human hair at a distance of 125 feet.

It is sometimes said that the branches of very old trees are, properly speaking, roots, and that if planted upside down the trees would flourish. Herr Kny, a German botanist, has recently investigated the matter by planting vines and ivy with both ends in the ground and subsequently cutting them at the arch. The experiments were fairly successful, though not in every instance; and Herr Kny intends to continue them with other plants and trees, such as willows, poplars and roses.

Long Range Rifle Shooting.

There is an immense amount of nonsense talked and written about long-distance rifle shooting, and the stories men tell about their own or somebody else's wonderful accuracy at long range may be set down as campaign inventions. In fact, the same importance is not attached to long-distance shooting as formerly, for it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is comparatively useless, except where the distance has been carefully measured and the gun properly gauged for it. It can be readily seen that this would be impracticable either in shooting at game or in a military engagement. To illustrate, the very best long-distance rifle that is made has a fall of forty inches in 500 yards. Now, how many men are there who can accurately calculate such a long distance? And of what use would the gun be in case the marksman's judgment erred fifty yards one way or the other? These considerations have induced the government to change the whole theory and practice concerning the use of long-range guns. The Creedmoor system has been abandoned entirely by the army marksmen, and they are now taught the art of measuring distances by the eye, and also practice shooting at moving objects. When firing at targets each man makes his own estimate of distance, a squad fires and then all advance, say 50 yards, make new estimates and fire again. This process is repeated, so that the soldier really gets experience that will be of use to him in actual warfare.—*Globe-Democrat.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A BABY'S REFLECTIONS.

I'm a very little baby,
  Little face and hands and feet;
And my mother says she never
  Saw a baby half so sweet.
It is nice to hear them talking
  In that way, but I can see,
Oh, a lot of little babies,
  Who all look and laugh like me.

When I look out of the window
  There's a baby in the glass,
And he waves his hand as I do
  To the people as they pass;
When I put out hands to touch him
  And to pat him on the cheek,
He will look and act as I do,
  But he'll never, never speak.

There's a baby in the mirror,
  There's a baby in the spoon,
And there's one in front of mother
  When we play a little tune.
These are very funny babies,
  Where I go they always come,
But I never hear them talking,
  So I guess they're deaf and dumb.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIP.

A blacksmith named Thomas Rae bought a little black-faced lamb and put it into a field in which were a cow and a little Galloway pony. The lamb took no notice of the cow, but soon began to show great fondness for the pony, which returned its affection, and the two friends kept constantly in each other's company. When the pony was used for riding or drawing a cart the lamb would trot beside it, and if at any time the lamb was alarmed by people coming too near to look at it, it would run under the body of the pony and pop out its little black face from between the forelegs, and look about it in conscious security. At night the lamb slept in the stable, and if separated from the pony would raise plaintive bleatings, which the pony answered by mournful neighings. And just as a dog leaves the society of its own kind to follow man, this little lamb forsook its own species that it might associate with its friend, for on one occasion, when the blacksmith was riding the pony, the lamb, as usual, trotting beside it, they passed a large flock of sheep that was being driven along the road. The lamb never heeded the sheep, but went straight through them with the pony. Another time both pony and lamb strayed into an adjoining field, in which there was a flock of sheep feeding. The lamb joined them for a short time, but as soon as the blacksmith came to drive out the pony the lamb followed without once looking back at its natural companions.

SPARING THEIR STRENGTH.

"Look at those men!" exclaimed Harry Delmar, as he pointed to some trackmen at work. "It takes six of them to carry that iron rail, and they move like snails."

"They are sparing their strength," remarked his father.

"Well, I should say so," declared Harry. "Four of them could carry that rail with ease."

"Perhaps they could," replied his father. "They are sparing their strength, and they are wise."

Harry looked at his father, a faint expression of surprise on his face.

"I notice that the foreman does not reprove them," continued his father. "He is satisfied that they are doing an honest day's work. If they worked as you seem to think they ought to work, it is likely they would not be here tomorrow, or not on the next day at least. They would break down. They must husband their strength so that they can work day after day without abatement. There is speed in method though it may seem tedious. A quick fire soon burns itself out. The tortoise beat the hare in the race. A rocket makes a big fuss, but it comes down a stick. A volcano creates a great uproar, but it remains still a long while afterward. Tremendous efforts are soon spent. The 'pitching in' process does not last long. It is wise for us, my son, to spare our strength, whether we labor with our hands or brains. It is the secret of long sustained effort. The energy in reserve is often the energy that wins and wears."

"I see now, papa, that I spoke too hastily," Harry said. "The men are not shirking their work. Yes, they are wise."—*Harper's Young People.*

Highly Improper.

Husband—Mary, would it be proper for me to say I made the fire, or started the fire?

Wife—Now, John, the idea! When you know that I've built the fire every morning since we got married.—*Binghamton Leader.*

A Boy Saves a Ship.

At Bourbon, the most neglected port in the French Indies, a number of vessels rode at anchor. Suddenly a tidal wave was signaled and a cannon-shot conveyed the order for all vessels to leave the port. The crews hastily regained their vessels and in less than half an hour all ships but one had left the port. The one which remained depite the order was a large brig in ballast, on whose deck not a living soul could be seen. A second shot was fired, and the brig slowly pivoted and with flapping sails made for the open sea. An hour later it was discovered that the entire crew of the brig had been detained on shore and the only living creatures on board were a lad fifteen year old and the Captain's dog.

In order to obey the order twice given the lad must have let the anchor chain slip and cut the hawser, but where could he get the strength to hold the helm against a cyclone? Three days passed and all the vessels had returned to port but the brig, and fears gained ground. Suddenly, on the morning of the fourth day, a naked mast was seen against the horizon. Like a stick at first, it grew longer, and then a hull appeared. All the sails were furled, and the brig—for it was the brig—was sailing under masts and cordage only, kept on her course by her little jib, hoisted one-third high. A quarter of an hour later a tug was at its side. The brig was brought back after more than three days' terrible strife with the elements.

After seeing no one come the boy, knowing that to stay was destruction, had let the anchor slip, sawed the hawser, and grasping the helm, set her head for the sea. Slipping a rope with a running knot larboard and starboard to prevent sudden lurches, he remained at his post with the dog, sleeping and waking, nearly one hundred hours.

A Quail Extinguishes a Headlight.

On the Kanawha & Ohio Railroad a quail flew against the headlight of a locomotive one evening, breaking the glass and extinguishing the light. The quail was picked up for dead and given to the baggagemaster, who revived it. Soon it was as chipper as ever, and was turned loose to go on its way rejoicing, while the train ran the remainder of the way in darkness.

The returns of the London Board of Trade for the year 1889 show an increase of $200,000,000 in the imports and $70,000,000 in the exports over the year 1888.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.
Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago. HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains, BRUISES, Burns and Scalds.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS,
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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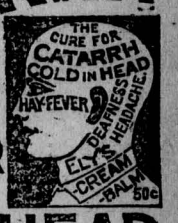
Radway's
READY RELIEF
Price 50 Cts.
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL
Will Instantly Stop Pain
AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL
RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, NERVOUS & MALARIOUS COMPLAINTS.
Radway & Co.
A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

Ely's Cream Balm
THE CURE FOR CATARRH


HAY-FEVER
50 Cts.
COLD IN HEAD
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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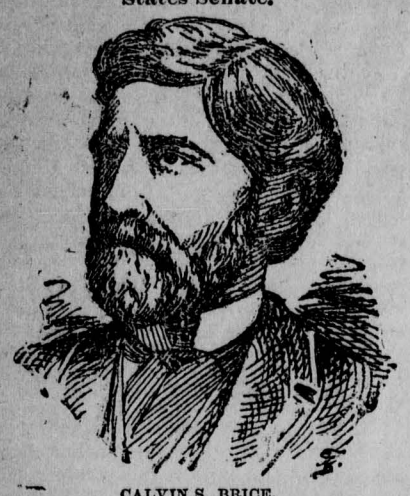
SEND FOR publications with maps describing the best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to Settlers. Sent free. Address
CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner. St. Paul, Minn.

OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and easy CURE in the World. Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, O

OHIO'S NEW SENATOR.

Calvin S. Brice Elected to the United States Senate.



CALVIN S. BRICE.

Calvin S. Brice (Democrat) has been elected United States Senator by the Ohio Legislature, receiving 76 votes. Charles Foster (Republican) received 66 votes. Mr. Brice will succeed Senator Paine.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

In the Senate.

19TH DAY.—A number of petitions were presented and referred, among them one signed by the wives of Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Field and Harlan, and by the wives of a number of distinguished officials and citizens of Washington, praying for the appointment of women on the Board of Managers of the Exposition of 1892....Mr. Plumb called up his resolution of inquiry concerning the proposed releasing of two seal islands to the Alaska Commercial Company, and proceeded to criticise the company severely; a general debate followed....A number of nominations were received from the President.

20TH DAY.—Bills were introduced extending the right of pensions to steamboat men and others acting under orders from United States officers and authorizing the President, with the consent of the Senate, to place on the retired list, with rank and pay of Brigadier-General, any General of the Army of the United States in the late war, who shall make application for such retirement, provided he was in command when one or more battles were fought and won, was promoted for gallant and meritorious service in the field, and by assignment of the President commanded a military department or district.....Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Finance, reported favorably Senator Sherman's Anti-Trust bill, amended by the Committee.... In executive session several nominations were received from the President.

21ST DAY.—Mr. Morgan's resolution recognizing the United States of Brazil as a free, independent and sovereign State was taken up, and Mr. Turpie attacked the policy of the Administration, and declared he favored the immediate recognition of Brazil....Mr. Sherman introduced a National Bank bill....Among the bills passed was one for the erection of a Hall of Records in Washington.... In executive session the Russian extradition treaty was considered.

22D DAY.—The Senate took up the bill introduced by Mr. Butler to provide for immigration of persons of color from the Southern States, and Mr. Butler made a long speech in support of the bill; speeches in opposition to it were made by Messrs. Hoar and Blair....Theodore Roosevelt's appointment as Civil Service Commissioner was confirmed.

In the House.

17TH DAY.—Mr. Adams, Chairman of the Silcott Investigating Committee, submitted a report, accompanied by a bill appropriating $75,000 to cover the deficiency caused by Silcott's defalcation....On the call of States a number of bills were introduced and referred....A concurrent resolution for the printing of 25,000 copies of the address of Chief Justice Fuller on the occasion of the commemoration of the inauguration of George Washington was agreed to.

18TH DAY.—A bill was introduced by Mr. Bingham for marking the lines of battle and the positions of troops of the Army of Northern Virginia at Gettysburg, and appropriating $310,000 for that purpose....The report of the Silcott Committee was received, accompanied by a bill appropriating $75,000 for reimbursing members for the salaries lost.

19TH DAY.—After a long debate the bill appropriating $75,000 for the reimbursement of members who lost their salaries by the Silcott defalcation was defeated. A motion to reconsider, and a motion to lay that motion on the table were entered.

20TH DAY.—Mr. McKinley, from the Committee on Rules, reported to the House a resolution for the appointment of a committee on the World's Fair, to consist of thirteen members, which committee shall within three days report a plan by which the House can determine the site of the proposed Fair, and subsequently report a bill providing for the Fair. A long debate followed, and the duty of reporting the bill was left with the Committee of Foreign Affairs....The Speaker laid before the House several reports upon the operatione of the Woman's Silk Culture Association of the United States, and of the Ladies' Silk Culture Society of California.

21ST DAY.—The resolution calling for the appointment of a Special World's Fair Committee was adopted, the vote being 140 to 136....A bill was introduced by Mr. Mills providing for reciprocity in trade between the United State and Mexico.

22D DAY.—Mr. Frank introduced a bill placing the World's Fair at St. Louis, and creating a corporation to carry on the same, and Mr. Kinsey introduced a bill in relation to the naturalization of aliens. Both were referred....In Committee of the Whole it was resolved to prohibit any United States marshal, deputy or agent from acquiring land in Oklahoma.

A DOG SAVES SIX LIVES.

He Alarms the Occupants of a Burning Building.

A big Newfoundland dog has saved six lives in Allegheny City, Penn. The dog belonged to F. D. King, and was asleep in one of the kitchens in the rear of the Boyle business block. King was awakened by the animal's barking. Repeated efforts to quiet the brute failed, and looking out of the window, King discovered that the Boyle building was in flames. He gave the alarm, and Henry Arnfeld, the janitor, heard it. Then the men started to arouse the families on the third and fourth floors. Thomas Graham and wife, Mrs. Ritchey and daughter, and Janitor Arnfeld's wife were gotten out of the already smoking rooms in the nick of time. They were hustled into the bitter cold night in their night clothes just as the firemen rushed up stairs with the hose. The dog had saved six lives and to-day was the hero of Boyle's Block.

A MAD MOTHER'S ACT.

She Shoots Her Children and Poisons Herself.

Postmaster McLean, of Warsaw, Minn., got out of bed early in the morning to build a fire in the kitchen, and while he was gone his wife bolted the bedroom door, and taking a revolver from a bureau drawer shot three of her children. Two of them died instantly. The third, a mere baby, was shot through the lung with fatal effect. The mad woman then poured carbolic acid down the throat of her fourth child, and completed the tragedy by swallowing a dose of the poison herself. The child to whom the acid was administered was in a critical condition. Mrs. McLean had been despondent and nervous for some time, but it was not thought that her mind was affected. The Postmaster ran to the bedroom door as soon as he heard the shooting, but was unable to force an entrance until the tragedy was finished.

A SON'S DISCOVERY.

He Finds His Father's Body on a Dissecting Table.

Just as the class in waiting at the Cincinnati (Ohio) College of Medicine was gathered about the body of an old man on the dissecting table the other afternoon, and the knife of the instructor was about to be used, a young man entered the room, and giving one look at the dead man, threw himself upon the body, crying: "My father, oh, my poor father!" The young man was John Daly, and the body on the dissecting-table was that of his father, Carroll Daly. The old man was addicted to drink and had died without his relatives knowing anything of his whereabouts. They saw the death notice, however, and began a search for the body, with the result above described. The body was given to the son.

VERY OLD PEOPLE.

Men and Women Who Recently Passed Their Hundredth Year.

At Salem, N. H., there died recently Mrs. Job Coburn, who had just stepped across the century mark.

Born in Harrisburg, Penn., Mrs. Elizabeth Schuman is now 102 years of age. She lives in Pittsburg.

Huntington, Ind., was proud of her centenarian, Joseph Shavey, who recently died just after passing his 100th birthday.

The oldest woman in Vienna is Frau Magdalena Ponza, who celebrated her 114th birthday last Christmas. She is cared for by her 80-year-old daughter.

East Templeton, Mass., boasts of a centenarian in the person of Mrs. Polly French, who celebrated her birthday recently, and was the jolliest of all concerned.

Francis Christian belongs to a family of centenarians. His mother lived to be 104, a cousin is now in his 100th year, while Christian himself is just rounding the century mark. He belongs in Muskegon, Mich.

Mary Mulhall, of Pittsburg, is 104 years of age. She came from Ireland when 50. All her faculties are unimpaired. She has three children, twenty grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren living.

One of the happiest celebrations of New Year's Day was Charles King, of Middleton, Mass., aged 109 years. He is strong and vigorous. He was born in Quebec, and is the last of ten sons, one of whom reached the age of 110.

One of the most remarkable colored men of Maine was Lorenzo D. Carter, of Warren, who died recently at the age of 101 years. In the war he was captured by a Confederate privateer. He was an old-fashioned Methodist, and up to the time of his death his voice filled his cabin with the music of the old revival hymns.

Uncle Hub. Horn, of Ozark, Mo., was to give up the weed after reaching the century mark in life, but on that birthday his friends placed cigars and pipes, and all the standard brands of tobacco at his side, and he reconsidered his resolution. Only last October he patted and danced the "Rabbit Hash" breakdown, but rheumatism has held him in check since. He has been married six times, losing three wives in slavery. He has been the father of twenty children, all of whom have died but two.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

PORTLAND, Ore., has a musical prodigy. He is a blind boy named John Foley.

MISS RAY DOUGLASS, a young society beauty of Memphis, will star next season in a new comedy.

"SWEET LAVENDER" at Terry's Theatre, London, will soon have been played seven hundred times.

BRONSON HOWARD is in London with his wife and will produce "Shenandoah" at a West End theatre.

A PETITION for a pension to Arabella Goddard, the pianiste, who is destitute in London, has just been refused by Parliament.

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING, the well-known contralto singer of this country, has applied for admission to the Society of Friends.

MISS EMMA EAMES, who made a great hit at the Grand Opera in Paris last year, says that she did all her best studying in America.

MISS NICOLAI, of Baltimore, has a pure tenor voice with a double register. There have been only two similar cases known in this country.

GAYARRE, the great Spanish tenor who died recently, was, like Campanini, the son of a blacksmith, and worked at the forge in his early years.

HENRY GUY Carleton's new play, "The Pembertons," will introduce J. M. Hill's new emctional actress, Cora Edsall, to the public in Albany, N. Y.

SENATOR INGALLS recently received a letter from a theatrical manager asking him to write a play with the United States Senate as a background.

MARSHAL WILDER, the clever dwarf humorist, made his first appearance on the stage on the back of Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle."

MISS LETITIE ALDRICH, niece of Senator Stewart of Nevada, has just made her debut at the National Theater, Washington, before a large and fashionable audience, in Miss M. E. Seawell's play, "Maid Marion."

THE German Emperor is determined that his subjects shall not lose their musical reputation. By his special orders every German soldier and sailor must learn to sing and the War Minister has issued a suitable singing book for their instruction.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER, the sculptress, will soon appear in a new role, having recently completed, in connection with Miss Charlotte Pendleton, of Philadelphia, the libretto for an operetta that will be brought out early next winter. The music will be written by a distinguished composer.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c. and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

THERE are fifty manufactories of imitation butter in Germany. A factory in Mannheim produces daily 6000 pounds from a preparation of cocoanuts.

Would You Believe

The Proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives Thousands of Bottles away yearly? This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure of Coughs and all Throat and Lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose Don't hesitate! Procure a bottle to-day to keep in your home or room for immediate or future use. Trial bottle free at all druggists. Large size 50c. and $1.

THE general depth of the Suez Canal is twenty-six feet.

Catarrh Can't be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

THE oldest inhabited town in the world is said to be Damascus.

When the summer's rose has faded
What shall make it fair again?
When the face with pain is shaded
What shall drive away the pain?
Never shall a blossom brighten
After blighted by the frost,
But the load of pain may lighten,
And we need not count as lost
all the pleasure of life when the wife and mother, upon whom the happiness of home so largely depends, is afflicted with the delicate diseases peculiar to women. It is terrible to contemplate the misery existing in our midst because of the prevalence of these diseases. It is high time that all women should know that there is one *sure* remedy for all female complaints, and that is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Do not allow ill-health to fasten itself upon you. Ward it off by the use of this standard remedy. But if it has already crept in, put it to rout. You can do it, by the use of the "Favorite Prescription." It is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

For biliousness, sick headache, indigestion and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

IN New York city last year there were 39,589 deaths, and 14,400 marriages.

Do your clothes last as they used to? If not, you *must* be using a *soap* or *washing powder* that *rots* them. Try the good *old-fashioned* Dobbins's Electric Soap, *perfectly pure* to-day as in 1865.

THE last official estimate of population of New York city was 1,575,000.

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Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Im'igrat'n Board, Portland, Ore.

Oldest and best—"Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

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Automatic Brake on all Coaches
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CATCH THE FOXES.

If any person will send me 10 cents (silver at my risk) I will send him by mail the old Indian receipt for making Fox Bait, the smell of which will call a fox a long distance. Also full directions for setting the trap. Address CHAS. FOWLER, Orange, Conn.

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3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. **Bryant's College, 457** Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—Wonderful Incandescent Gas Burners, $2.50. Incandescent Oil Lamps, $3.00. (Ag'ts' samples half price.) Pat. Jan., 1890. Stamp for Ag'ts' reports. A. G. MOREY, Inventor, LaGrange, Ill.

WANTED—COUNTY AGENTS—Commission 50 per cent. **S. F. SMITH, Frankfort, Ky.**

SPORTING and Fancy Photos of Lovely Girls. Samples for 2 stamps. PHOTO, N. Dunbarton, N. H.

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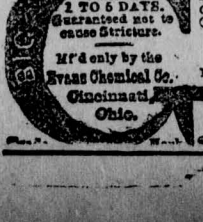

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In England, two centuries ago, popular superstition credited the "Royal Touch" with curing scrofula; and although for scoffing at the idea in 1691 the King was declared to be an "infidel," even his "faithless" touch was credited with a cure. These superstitious practices have now become obsolete, and in their place we have a scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which eliminates the impurities from the blood by the natural channels, thereby cleansing the system of all taints and impurities from whatever cause arising. It is truly a royal remedy, world-famed and *guaranteed* to benefit or cure in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. The only blood-purifier ever so *guaranteed* and sold by druggists. As a regulator of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all bilious attacks, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhea and kindred ailments. For all derangements caused by malaria, as Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, and Bilious Fever, it is specific. As an alterative or blood-purifier, it manifests its marvelous properties in the cure of the worst Skin and Scalp Diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, and Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, as well as Lung-scrofula, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption, if taken in time and given a fair trial. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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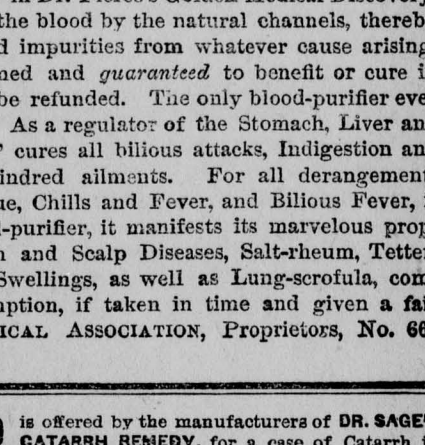

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How an American Girl Vanquished a Russian Mistress of Etiquette.

The following is a narrative of an incident which occured in St. Petersburg some years ago. The American lady concerned is the daughter of a prominent public benefactor, has for years been a social leader in Washington, is the wife of a leading Republican statesman, and would be recognized instantly if her name might be mentioned.

A grand reception was in progress at the palace of a high Russian dignitary. Members of the Cabinet, Generals of the army, Grand Dukes, the nobility of the empire, and the diplomatic corps were present. It was a notable affair. Four young ladies—three Russian and one American—had gathered into a little nook screened in palms, and were discussing in French the downy appearance of a high court lady. Some eavesdropper caught their remarks and bore them to the chriticised lady. She in turn indignantly reported the conversation to a noble duchess, who held the peculiar office of "mistress of etiquette." She retired to a private room and had the four culprits summoned before her. They appeared, the Russian girls in fear and trembling, the American calm and self possessed.

"Young ladies," said she, "you have been commenting discourteously upon the personal appearance of Lady—. You have committed a grave breach of etiquette, and it is my duty as court mistress of etiquette to punish you. Olga, your slipper!"

The trembling Olga took off her slipper and meekly received a sound punishment of the sort confined in America exclusively to the nursery.

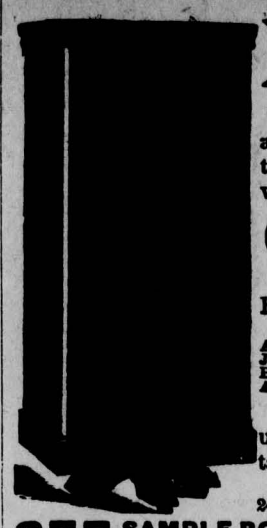
"Katia, it is your turn. Give me your slipper!" said the inexorable duenna, as the weeping Olga arose from her castigation. Katia took her gruel with audible lamentations, and Tania followed the suffering Katia.

All the while the American girl watched and waited. The indignities thrust upon her companions roused the Hail Columbia in her. Her eyes flashed and her little fists clenched with excitement.

"It's your turn," said the mistress of etequette to the fair American, "your slipper, please."

Columbia's blood was up. There was fighting stock back of her for generations. She removed her slipper and drew near, but she held the slipper by the toe. At proper range she swung the missile and struck the old lady in the mouth a fearful clip. Then she sailed in. Lace, feathers, and furbelows flew. Finger nails fetched blood. Gray hair and the St. Petersburg fashions of 1863 filled the air. The screams of the thoroughly frightened mistress of etiquette brought a crowd. The door was battered down. The three Russian girls were screaming in their corners. The old lady was *hors de combat*, and a fiery-eyed goddess of liberty stood in the centre of the room, waving a tuft of gray hair in one hand and a jewelled hair dagger, with which she had been trying to stab the Russian, in the other.

The mistress of etiquette fairly screamed with impotent rage, showered maledictions in broken French, German and Russian upon her conquerer; and demanded that the most condign punishment be meted out to her. The matter was carried to the Czar. Nicholas made a pretence of punishing the young lady by issuing some order against her appearing at any ball for a certain period, but the old liberator was immensely tickled. He showered the most embarrassing presents upon the American, beautiful slippers of every kind and description; silver slippers and gold slippers, and finally wound up by sending her a hair dagger, set with diamonds.



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